Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 48 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post

E. W. M. Poser FEB 31 1907

The Daily Sacrifice Offered in Olden Times.

'A bullock, ram, or goat, or dove,
As each one could afford,
Unblemished, might express the love
Which gave it to the Lord:
Or "a meat-offering" they might bring
Corn, cakes, or flour, the offering.'

The Jews offered a great many animals as sacrifices to God. Every morning and evening a lamb was slain and burned on the brazen altar that stood before the Tabernacle, and, afterwards, before the Temple. This was called the 'Daily Sacrifice.' You may read about it in Numb. xxviii., 3, 4, where it says: —'This is the offering made by fire which ye shall offer unto the Lord; two lambs of the first year without spot day by day, for a continual burnt offering. The one lamb shalt thou offer in the morning, and the other lamb shalt thou offer at even.' Now, if you will get a reference Bible, you will find that it says in the margin, 'Between the two evenings,' that is, between twelve o'clock at noon, when the first evening of the Jews began, and six o'clock, when the evening watch commenced. So that, just 'between the two evenings'—that is, between twelve and six, would be three o'clock, or the ninth hour of the Jews. And we know that this was the hour for the evening sacrifice; for we read, in Acts iii., 1: —'Now Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour.' The morning lamb was offered at the third hour, or nine o'clock.

The Jews could not offer any lambs for the daily sacrifice. They were to choose those only that were quite perfect, without a single spot of any kind on any part of their body.

Does not the offering up of these pure innocent lambs remind you of Jesus the Lamb of God? You know that St. John the Baptist said to his disciples, when he pointed to Jesus, 'Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' And St. Peter, in the first chapter of his first Epistle, says that we were redeemed 'with the previous blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' Jesus Christ, you know, never did wrong in all His life. There was no sin in Him, and that is why He is called the Lamb 'without blemish and without spot.'

He was offered up just at the time of the morning sacrifice—at the third hour, or nine o'clock, St. Mark says, 'And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him.' He died at the ninth hour, the time of the offering of the evening lamb. We are told that at the ninth hour Jesus 'cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.'

The morning and evening lambs are not offered up now. God has not wanted them since Jesus died. Jesus offered Himself for sin 'once for all.' Still, there is a morning and evening sacrifice that God looks for from us all. Do you know what it is, little folks?

The Bible says, also: 'Offer unto God thanks-broken spirit.' That means that the sacrifice that pleases God, and the one he wants from us now, is a heart that is sorry for having done wrong things. You know we all sin against God—little children as well as grown-up people; and he wants us all to be sorry for it, and try to show that we are so by our lives.

The Bible says also: 'Offer unto God thanksgiving, and call upon me.' So, you see, children, that when, morning and evening, you kneel down and tell God how sorry you are for all that you have done wrong, and ask him to forgive you for Jesus' sake; when you thank him out of a loving heart, for all his goodness, and ask him for all you need, then you offer the morning and evening sacrifice that our Father loves best.—'Little Folks.'

Was it Chance?

It was a Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. In the great space allotted to the purpose, a dozen open-air speakers set forth their views to larger or smaller groups of listeners. There was the fiery Socialist, pleading for government ownership of railways; the Christian Evidence Society's lecturer, arguing the substantial harmony of science and the Bible; a lieutenant of the Salvation Army, with his band of blue-bonneted lassies; and the discontented pessimist, attacking society, the church, the capitalist, and the workman with equal bitterness.

One of the smaller groups pressed very close about the speaker, a small, erect, quick-moving woman. Her hair was white, but her cheeks had a youthful red. Her eyes were her distinctive feature—black, flashing, deep, liquid, penetrating, sympathetic by turns, they caught and held even an irreverent listener, and made him feel that through them looked a sincere and steadfast soul.

The woman's talk was chiefly a colloquy with those who stood nearest her. 'Prayer?' she said, in answer to a question, 'Oh, yes, prayer is answered, if it is a good prayer. You can't get into a bad scrape and call for God to get you out, and expect that prayer to be answered. That is only the prayer of fright. You can't meet a loss, and beg to have it made up to you, and expect God to do that. That is the prayer of greed. But a good prayer is always answered.'

'How do you know what is good?' called out a young fellow, whose bloodshot eyes and trembling hand told their own story of the road he was travelling. She turned upon him with her quick, bird-like motion, but waited a moment before she replied, 'My boy, that's a deep question; but you and I and everybody else in this park to-day can answer it if we will. What is good? Now be honest with me. Were you ever in doubt—real doubt—whether what you were doing was good or bad? What about the drink you took last night? Was it good or bad? What about the

oath you swore when you woke up with a headache this morning? Was it good or bad? What about the game of cards where you won or lost—maybe that money was not clean before? Was it good or bad? Why, dear boy,' —and she laid her hand on his arm,—'you aren't old enough yet to have twisted your conscience until it can't tell you the truth.'

So the talk went on, until presently twilight began to fall, and the group drifted away from the woman—so eager not to go to Heaven alone. When the last one had gone, she began slowly making the rounds of the seats in the park. She scanned every face—and at last, after anyone else would have given up the search, she found the young fellow who had asked the question, 'How do you know what is good?' She touched him on the shoulder, and said, quietly, 'I think you'd better come home with me, laddie.'

He rose, as if he had been half expecting the summons, and went away with her. Nobody but these two knows the story of the next days. Somehow, out of the struggle there came a man saved for righteousness. What a mother's love, self respect and the teaching, ambition of the church had failed to do, the word of this woman preacher had accomplished. Out of the chaos of temptations and desires she had brought the clear contrast, what was good and what was bad,—distinguished before the judgment seat of conscience. Life was no longer a tangle of conflicting motives, but two straight, open paths, the one leading to honor and peace, the other to shame.

The vision once seen did not depart from the eyes of the youth. Who shall say whether the impulse—a random impulse it seemed—which led him within sound of the preacher's voice was a mere chance, or was in deed and in truth a divine compulsion—the eternal evidence of that Mercy which seeks and saves that which is lost?—The 'Christian Age.'

The Victoria India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

As the Christmas season approaches the pleasant associations which surround it steadily assume larger proportions in our thoughts, the older ones planning to make it a happy season for all, and the children, from past happy experiences, eagerly anticipating the joys of Sant Claus's delightful surprises, and the many other pleasures which Christmas, with its snowy mantle and warm, bright cozy homes, always bring them. The poor, too, are remembered, and many an otherwise sad home is cheered and brightened by the substantial evidence of loving sympathy. In heathen lands also, in those parts where the glad gospel of Jesus Christ is spreading its light, Christmas is a time of hallowed rejoicing and kindliest exchanges of goodwill. To the children in our Orphanage it is the great event of the year, and the little presents which are provided for them, give untold pleasure. This year many of the older ones are hoping they may get books, 'nice story books,' for they enjoy reading a good story just as well as our little folks at home do. The great value they set upon the simple presents they receive gives added weight to an action many of them took last spring. The Rev. Frank Russell and his family, to whom the children are deeply attached, were leaving on furlough, and the children wished to give them a present before they left. Having no money they held an auction of their own Christmas gifts, gladly selling their cherished cakes of fancy soap and beads to enable them to make a suitable present, a sacrifice which very touchingly indicated their love and devotion to the dear missionaries. In addition to the presents, the children, and all who can be reached, who have been in the Orphanage, 'brothers and sisters,' as they are termed, have an extra good dinner, and other simple pleasures are provided. All attend service in the morning, and the remainder of the day is a holiday, the dinner and the presents being two very important factors in the day's delights. Many of our friends have kindly contributed to the small special Fund we raise to give the children their Christmas Treat, but we shall be glad to receive a trifle from others to make up the necessary amount.

Our special Industrial Fund, for which we hope to raise $3,000, now stands at $918.31. This is to provide suitable workshops, in which the boys can be taught useful trades, carpentry, blacksmithing, and possibly tile-making, for which there is a great opening. State orders can be obtained for the work which will be done in these shops, so in addition to giving the boys good trades, the workshops will be more than self-supporting, and will thus become a source of income to the Orphanage, as the carpenters' shop, now on a very small scale, has already proved. It has been for months past, and will be for months to come, busy turning out State orders. The work turned out is so satisfactory that many orders have to be refused, because of the present very limited accommodation. By means of this Special Fund we shall be able to have the greatly needed enlargement made, and we hope to add other branches of industry as before mentioned. This is truly a wonderful opportunity, for the great difficulty of finding suitable work for the Christian converts is almost, if not quite, the most serious problem facing the Christian communities in India today. The natives work seven days in the week, so Christians can get no employment from them, and as yet there are no Christian employers of labor, so it is an unexampled opportunity that is given in Dhar, and we earnestly hope that many will be led to give us generous help in the special effort we are making to seize the opportunity, and give our young Christian converts the means of leading decent, self-respecting lives, one of the greatest things we can do for them, and which ultimately will prove most advantageous to the whole Christian community. Very special blessing has attended this work during the ten years of its existence, one development after another following in quick succession. This latest one of industrial work, which is so very important, we trust will soon be an accomplished fact, adding very greatly to the stability and usefulness of our work among the famine orphans. The cost of maintaining a child in the Orphanage is $18 a year, which includes the Society's membership fee of $1.00. All subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. A. S. Crichton, Sec.- Treasurer, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

Religious Notes.

Twenty-five years ago two young German missionaries went up the jungly hills into Bustar, to explore the land and start mission work. Before long they wrote down (then living in Vizianagram) in broken English, 'We are desperately ill; please take us in for Christ's sake.' They came, apparently dying from dysentery and fever, deserted by their servants, threatened by the native chiefs, unable to speak much English or the vernacular—hopelessly beaten back, as it seemed, by the forces against them. In a few months, however, they were better and back again at their work, and became the pioneers of the Schleswig-Holstein Lutheran Mission to these hill tribes. Following them, the missionaries passed, in ones and twos, up into the feverish tracts, to settle here and there, build their houses, schools, etc., and preach among the people the Gospel of Christ. Many of them, men and women, died; pathetic indeed are the stories told of their sorrows and sufferings.

But to-day, how stands the account? Some 15,000 of these hill people have come under Christian influence; 10,000 have been baptized; they have 32 misionaries, men and women, at work, with some 100 native helpers; they are now a well-organized mission. Only the other day a government official testified that, since their advent, the crime among the thief caste there had decreased more than 30 percent. Of the two pioneers referred too, one, the Rev. E. Pohl, has just been called to a position of honor as the Society's preacher in Germany, and the other, the Rev. H. Bothman, still works in one of the important mission centers.—London 'Chronicle.'

Mr. David Baron writes from Jaffa (Palestine), on May 3, 1907:

'We spent five days in Alexandria, six days in Cairo, and one day in Port Said. At the first of these places we were much encouraged, for apart from many conversations and discussions in their houses and shops and in the streets, we held a public meeting in the Scotch Church, kindly lent to us, at which three hundred Jews were present and listened earnestly to the faithful proclamation of Christ. In Cairo, too, we were able to reach a large number, though the public meeting we held there was not so large as in Alexandria. In Jaffa we have been nearly a week now, and visited from it five of the Jewish colonies in the plain of Sharon.

'Great changes have taken place since I was here last, only nine years ago. The Jewish population has increased enormously; there is an air of bustle and enterprise which was absent before, and large tracts which I have known before to be waste and desolate, and other fruit-bearing trees. Alas the fanaticism and bitterness against Christ and his followers are very great among the Jews in this land, and even now some are ready to persecute unto death those of their brethren who take the despised but blessed Name of Christ upon themselves.'—'Missionary Review of the World.'

A fanatical outbreak occurred in the Boys' School at Teheran, in April, which ended in restoration of order after two days, during which time four Persian teachers withdrew, and the hundred Moslem students were reduced to thirty. Regrettable as this is, it should surprise no one who observes the present touchy political situation in Persia. The outbreak began with abusive language by one Moslem youth among his playmates at recess. Being reproved by the school officer (farrosh), the boy dealt the 'little, lame, inoffensive man' a stunning blow on the mouth. When for this he was publicly expelled from the schoolroom, an ignorant Sayid, tweny-five years old but in one of the lower classes, loudly took the offender's part. This apparently accidental beginning was a planned affair, the farrosh being a special object of enmity because he is a convert from Islam. All is quiet and the school is going on well.—'Woman's Work.'

There are various modes of increasing the alms of the church, and one most popular all over South India is for Christian women to put a handful of rice into a small basket kept in the house for the church every time a meal is prepared, the amount thus collected being offered in the church once a month. This serves the double purpose of reminding the people that it is God who provides them with sustenance, and that it is their duty to give back to Him some portion of what they have received. The annual offerings of the Christians in Tinnevelly vary from 6 to 12 annas per head of each baptized man, woman, and child. The average may be taken as not less than 9 annas (i.e., 9d.), per head. The monthly income of these people is 7 1-2 rupees (or 12s. 6d), and upon this sum a whole family will live for a month. The sum of 9 annas represents the price of a little more than two days' food for the year for each member of the family, and this is the lowest rate.

How many Christians in Europe contribute to the church two days' income in the year for every man, woman, and child in each household?— 'Missionary Review of the World.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: George Rowley and Emily Height, North Range, N.S., 20c.; A Friend, Nova Scotia, $1.00; Total	$ 1.20
Received for the cots: A. J. M., Kintore, Ont..	$ 10.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$1,006.20
Total received up to Oct. 29th ..	$1,017.40

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMER 24, 1907.

World's Temperance Sunday

Romans xiv., 12-23. Memory verses 19-21.

Golden Text.

Judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. Rom. xiv., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 18.—Rom. xiv., 1-11.
Tuesday, November 19.—Rom. xiv., 12-23.
Wednesday, November 20.—Rom. xv., 1-21.
Thursday, November 21.—I. Cor. vi., 1-20.
Friday, November 22.—I. Cor. x., 1-22.
Saturday, November 23.—I. Cor. x., 23-33.
Sunday, November 24.—Gal. v., 1-26.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who is your favorite hero? What man of all you have ever heard about do you admire the most? (Talk for a while on why such heroes as Wellington, Nelson, or any names the children may mention, are admired). Did you ever read much about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table? You know that these knights all vowed to be loyal and true, and one part of their vow was 'to go about redressing human wrongs.' You know how the Bible says that Jesus 'went about doing good.' So these knights followed his example on that point, and we admire them because of that. Suppose we hear of a miser who is all the time working to get money and saving it all up for himself. Does any one love and admire him? No; we must try to help those about us if we want to be loved and honored. Do you know what our lesson to-day is called? The World's Temperance Lesson. How very big the world is, and yet all over the world boys and girls will be studying this Sunday the same lesson, a lesson about how we should try to help others, and not only please ourselves. What is our Golden Text? Let us say it over together. What is the longest word in it? A stumbling block. We have read sometimes about wicked people who have piled up lumber and other material on the railway track to wreck a train so that they might be able to rob it. And our government punishes such men very severely. They don't care about how many people are killed and injured, these train wreckers, so long as they make a little money out of it. Are there any other people you can think of, like them? Yes, the saloon-keepers. many more men are killed every year by drink than by train wreckers, and it is our duty to do what we can to stop this, and also to see that we have no part in the evil.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It will be profitable to consider for a time the particular difficulties of the early church. The great general principles on which these were met by St. Paul are the best rules that could have been advanced, and make his letters instruction not for 'a time,' but for 'all time.' The one or two cases in which he approaches a definite ruling (as, for instance, I. Cor. xiv., 34, 35), even serve to cause a little difficulty to-day, since circumstances have altered. No one can mistake his duty where the broad principle is laid down, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' for 'love worketh no ill to his neighbor.' The greater includes the less, and any question where our neighbor's good conflicts with our pleasure is answered by the Divine command to act as love would direct. There is no hesitation about Paul. The Christian's highest liberty is to use his liberty for the good of others, rather than for his own personal pleasure.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 16. Let not your good be evil spoken of. If you exercise your good, your Christian liberty, your right to eat anything, and thereby offend another whose conscience will not allow him to eat it, then others will speak evil of your liberty. It is too great a price to pay for a matter of so little importance.

Verse 23. Damned. R. V., condemned. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Whatever is not done because we believe it to be right, springs from self, and is, therefore, sin.—Beet.

Nothing grows upon me so much with lengthening life as the sense of the difficulties, or rather the impossibilities, with which we are beset whenever we are tempted to take to ourselves the functions of the Eternal Judge (except in reference to ourselves, where judgment is committed to us) The shades of the rainbow are not so nice, and the sands of the seashore are not such a multitude, as are the subtle, shifting, blending forms of thought and of circumstance that go to determine the character of us and of our acts. But there is One that seeth plainly and judgeth righteously.—William E. Gladstone.

Conscience. The moral sense, or conscience, is as much a part of a man as his leg or arm. It is given to all human beings in a stronger or less degree. It may be strengthened by exercise as may any particular limb of the body. This sense is submitted, indeed, in some degree to the guidance of reason, but it is a small stock which is required for this. State a moral case to a ploughman and a professor. The former will decide it as well, and often better than the latter, because he has not been led astray by artificial rules. Conscience is the only clue that will eternally guide a man clear of all doubts and inconsistencies.—Thomas Jefferson.

All decisions should be based on moral principle. A man should not ask what another person thinks he ought to do, but rather should stand fast by what, from looking within, he has discerned for himself to be right. Each man should be loyal to his own convictions. For him they are the will of God. They can be neglected, or violated, only at the risk of moral atropy and spiritual ruin.—Amory H. Bradford.

The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none but other people's.—Carlyle.

My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbor.—John Stewart Mill.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verses 12, 22, 23.—'The fullest freedom must be balanced by the fullest sense of responsibility to God.'—'Expositor's Greek Testament.' 'For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ' (v. 10). You must use your liberty in such a way that you are willing to present it before God's pure and penetrating eyes.

Verse 22.—Hast thou faith? Do you really believe that what you are doing is right and approved by God? Have it to thyself before God. Rejoice in this liberty of yours in the presence of the Father. 'We still keep this joy and strength of liberty even when for love's sake we forego the particular acts from which, if we considered only ourselves and God, we should not be debarred.'—Lyman Abbott. Happy is he that condemneth not himself, who is so convinced that his course is right that his conscience never condemns him, even when he 'sits alone with his conscience' amid the manifestations of God's power.

Verse 23. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. 'All that a man cannot do remembering that he is Christ's—all that he cannot do with the judgment seat (v. 10) and the cross (v. 15) and all their restraint and inspirations present to his mind—is sin.'

'The French have a proverb, "When you are right you are more right than you think you are" The converse of this is equally true, when you are wrong you are more wrong than you imagine.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Cor. viii.; x., 23-33; xiv., 26; Matt. vii., 1, 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 24.—Topic—Home missions: The progress of work among the immigrants. Num. xv., 13-16, 29-31.

C. E. Topic.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Monday, November 18.—The isles far off. Isa. lxvi., 19.

Tuesday, November 19.—Messengers of glad tidings. Rom. x., 13-15.

Wednesday, November 20.—Paul's work in the islands. Acts xiii., 2-5.

Thursday, November 21.—Whosoever believeth. John. iii., 16.

Friday, November 22.—Helping by prayer. II. Cor. i., 11.

Saturday, November 23.—Blessings on the work. Dan. xii., 3.

Sunday, November 24.—Topic—Mission work in the Pacific islands. Ps. lxxii., 8-11.

One Reason.

It is an unquestioned fact that very few of the scholars in our Sunday schools do any studying of their lessons at home. They ought to study the lesson; their parents should see that they study the lesson if they are juniors in age; their teachers often urge them to study; and yet comparatively few of our pupils ever look at their lessons before they come to the school.

We are convinced that one potent reason why the pupils do not study is that home-study is not really expected of them, even though it may be often talked about. The method of teaching in most Sunday schools is not that of the teacher, but of the talker. The teacher prepares and preaches a little sermonette on the lesson, instead of calling out the assumption from the knowledge and thought of the pupil; and the assumption from the beginning to the end of the lesson is that the pupil has made no preparation. The teacher tells the story to the class, even though it may be a familiar story, and could be told by the pupil almost as well.

Indeed, there are teachers—we hope that they are few—who do not desire their scholars to know much about the lesson. We know a pastor who, as an experiment took the following Sunday's lesson as the subject of an expository talk in the prayer-meeting. One of the best teachers in his school—a man conducting a large Bible class of men—seriously remonstrated with him after the prayer-meeting, saying: 'If you teach the lesson, my scholars will know as much as I do about it!'

This instance is not rare; it is typical of a tacit feeling in the minds of many Sunday school teachers. We never heard of a public school teacher who objected to her pupils knowing all that they could learn about their lessons, but there are Sunday school teachers who would almost find their occupation gone if their pupils came to the class with their lessons learned.

Our pupils do not study, often because study is not expected, because study is not recognized, because the unprepared and the prepared are on the same level in the class. Let us expect some study from our scholars; let us treat them as though they have studied, and let us teach by calling out the pupil's knowledge, not by merely pouring knowledge into him. When once the habit of home study has been inculcated, we may hope for larger results in our teaching.—'S. S. Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Clear the Way.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
  Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
  Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
  As ye may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
  Into grey;
Men of thought and men of action,
  Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
  Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
  Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
  In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue, and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
  Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
  Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
  From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
  Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
  Clear the way!
With the Right, shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
  For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
  Clear the way!

—Selected.

Naomi Manney's Testimony.

Naomi Manney paused just inside the swinging doors of the lecture-room, to draw on her gloves. She heard low voices outside.

'Dave,' said the familiar voice of the president of the Young People's Society, 'I wish you boys would speak out in meeting. Just give the simplest testimony, you know; it will help you.'

'Not much,' replied the gruff voice of big David Hurlbut. 'I can't spin out five sentences, and I'm not going to make a fool of myself, not on your tintype!'

'But, Dave—'

Naomi hastened away from the door, her cheeks burning. She would delay a little and give them an opportunity to leave the church ahead of her. She was the last to leave the afternoon mission Sunday School, where she taught a class of a dozen or fifteen lively youngsters. She did well with the class—everybody said so.

She sat down in one of the empty chairs and picked up a tattered lesson-leaf absently. Dave and the president had unconsciously revived a troublesome whispering of her conscience. Several times it had said to her: 'The younger young folks are afraid to testify in meeting, for they can't think of anything to say on the topic, and they are backward. Just get up and simply say, "I love Jesus," so as to encourage them.'

But every one said she spoke so beautifully! How could she say anything so commonplace? They would wonder if she couldn't think of anything more to say. Many had complimented her on the beautiful wording of her testimonies, and had said, wistfully, that they wished they could speak so well. She flushed with pride at the recollection.

Her conscience was reasoning now: 'You needn't necessarily limit yourselves always, but try it just for to-night, and see if they don't follow your lead.'

Oh, but to-night of all nights! It was the night appointed for the visiting committee, made up of delegates from the different societies, to visit that church. There would be young people, the brightest of them, from all the churches in the city. Surely she must do her best to-night. Many of the young people she knew and met in the union meetings. Besides, she was the secretary of the union, and was always so particular to have her reports just right. Oh, dear! no, not to-night.

But her conscience said: 'Then you weren't really testifying for Christ? You were showing off!'

She got up then, walked across the empty room, pushed open the swinging doors, and left the church.

That night she was a trifle late, and the seat she hurriedly chose was in the midst of a lot of the younger element—big, overgrown, awkward and bashful, full of promise, if they could only be coaxed to help, but, oh, so backward!

The leader spoke feelingly on the subject for the evening—the development of the spiritual life. A few epigrammatic sentences in a paper Naomi had once written for a State convention came to her mind; they were wonderfully appropriate just now. How fitting it would be to repeat them! How pleased the visitors would be?

Should she, or should she not?

Besides, the leader had not asked them to give general testimonies. She ought to speak on the topic, surely. A few had taken part in a precise, proper way, and there was a lull.

Should she?

'I wish all might take part,' said the leader.

Suddenly Naomi rose to her feet. 'I love Jesus,' she said, 'and I want to do more for Him.

Little Daisy Westover followed her quickly, lest her courage fail. 'I want to be a better Christian,' she said, timidly.

Meta Wenzel spoke, too.

'Splendid!' said the leader. 'Just sentence testimonies.'

Then even big Dave spoke. 'I want to be a Christian, too,' he said.

Naomi's heart welled up in thankfulness. Her throat ached so it almost choked her. And to think how near she came to giving those convention-paper sentences!

After the meeting was over, they were all shaking hands with the visiting delegates, who had joined heartily in the service.

'Such warm meetings you have!' exclaimed one, to Naomi, enthusiastically. 'And how your boys and girls take part! Isn't it fine?'

Naomi's face glowed. This time it was not in pride for herself. No one said, 'I envy you your command of language,' and she did not even miss it. For somehow or other—and in her heart she knew why—that had been the best meeting she had ever known.—'Zion's Herald.'

The King's Daughter and the King's Doctor.

A Big Pudding.

Tangithi, the king's daughter, was sick. Now this king did not live in a town where hundreds of doctors were ready to rush in their automobiles to the sick girl. Besides, the king did not believe that she needed medicine, for he thought the gods were angry, and his daughter could not get well until he pleased them. So he had all the temples on the island repaired and ordered the people to prepare offerings of food. The people obeyed, and one town offered a pudding twenty-one feet in circumference!

All this time Tangithi was getting worse. There was one man on the island who knew that the sick girl needed medicine. This was Mr. Calvert, a missionary to the Fiji Islands, who was sent for by the king when he saw that his gods could not or would not help her. The king was much excited, and said, 'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes,' said Mr. Calvert, 'I know it; but I cannot help her unless you will stop your heathen performances.'

To this the king agreed, and Mr. Calvert gave some medicine. This made Tangithi toss about so that the king cried out, 'You have killed my daughter!' Many of the king's people would have been glad of an excuse to kill the missionary, but Mr. Calvert did not show fear. He said to the king: 'I have been good enough to grant your request and give to your daughter some medicine sent from England for my own family. Now you accuse me of killing your daughter, I will leave you and give her no more help.' He snatched up his bottles and hurried home, glad to escape. He waited anxiously for news, for if the princess had died he would probably have been killed. In the morning word came that Tangithi was better.

Later the king sent to Mr. Calvert and asked for medicine for another child. Mr. Calvert sent word: 'Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night. And it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children in so short a time.' This reply brought an apology from the king, and the medicine was sent.

Tangithi was put under the priest's care and they tried all their charms and sacrifices, but the poor girl grew worse. Finally the king said she might give up her heathen gods, and he asked the missionary to take her to his home. She recovered rapidly there, and in a few days was able to sit up in bed. She stayed six weeks and then left, strong and well. The king said, 'Tangithi would have died if she had not served the true God.' The princess became an earnest Christian and a great help to the church. Some years later her father, the king, publicly gave up heathenism and professed Christianity.—E. D., in 'Mission Dayspring.'

One Busy Girl's Way.

In the room of a girl friend the other day we noticed something which especially interested us. To the pin-cushion, which occupied the central position on her dresser, was pinned a short poem, evidently clipped from some newspaper. And the poem happened to be the "Recessional,' which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now the pin cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, however grand or beautiful, and we looked to our friend for an explanation.

'I always have something I especially want to know pinned to my cushion,' she said, smiling, "and when I'm brushing my hair or adjusting a collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead.

Now this girl, as we happen to know is a very busy girl, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, a favorite with other young people, and we had been surprised to hear her spoken of as 'so well informed.' We wondered how she found time to acquire her information, but the pin-cushion revealed the mystery. She had learned the art of utilizing the minutes.—'Intelligencer.'

An Impotent Idol.

Mr. Roper, the African missionary, when when he was at Ibbadan, had a woman amongst his hearers who half believed, but she was frightened that if she became a follower of the true God, her god would be angry with her. This image was made of matting and wood, and dressed up with rags of calico wound round it. One day, when she had heard Mr. Roper preach, she went home, and took this image into a back room, and said, 'Now, I am going awoy for three months, and I will lock the door, and you will be safe. But this prayer man says you are not a true god, and cannot take care of me, and that this God can; so I will make this bargain with you—if you are worth anything, you can take care of yourself. Now, if you are all right when I come back, I and my family will always worship you, as of old; but if a rat gets to you and eats you, I will pray to you no more; for I shall know that what the prayer-

man says is true.' So she locked the door, and went away with the key in her pocket. Three months passed, and she returned to Ibbadan. Her friends and children were waiting to welcome her, but she pushed through them, and went straight to the room where she had left her god. She looked at it, and ran away with it to Mr. Roper. She threw the gnawed thing down before him, and exclaimed, 'This idol could not take care of himself. Your God sent a rat to eat it. Teach me and my children to be prayer people!'—'Christian Herald.'

An Indian Child's Prayer.

Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher on the Sioux Reservation, North Dakota, relates this touching little scene of wigwam life:

The infant daughter of One Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death. The face of the stoical Indian gave no sign, but the tender grief of a parent was as keen in his breast as in the heart of a white man.

A little daughter a few years older stood by looking pitifully at the sick baby. Presently she said:

'Papa, little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray.'

She knelt at her father's knee, and prayed in her Indian tongue: 'Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen.'

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a granddaughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage. Her father, One Bull, is one of the so-called 'good Indians,' who have felt the influence of civilization, and the child herself, only three removes from barbarism, has declared herself a young disciple of the Great Teacher, who seeks the highest welfare of men, whether civilized or uncivilized, 'bond or free.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Honesty Sweetened With Politeness.

There is not the slightest doubt that honesty is the best policy so far as it goes; but honesty alone will seldom bring success. It is a very important part, but it is not all.

I heard once of a merchant who was a thorough master in his line of trade, and who always treated his customers with absolute fairness. He was scrupulously honest. These were the two main secrets of success, you would think. His business did not prosper, however, but grew smaller and smaller, until he was forced to close his shop. The reason was that he was surly, unobliging and cross-tempered, and when people found that he could not deal politely with them, even if he dealt very honestly, they passed him by.

Politeness is one of the essentials both of business success and of personal friendship. It is the sugar that sweetens all our intercourse with others. It need be in no way inconsistent with honesty, but may be made its greatest aid. Without honesty politeness becomes flattery, and without politeness honesty is unattractive.—'Farmer's World.'

Only a Broken Knife Point.

A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a diver was sent down. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass, that was swungq on deck, and inside the compass box was detected a bit of steel which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade.

It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor had been sent to clean the compass, and used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. The bit of knife-blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and spoilt it as an index of the ship's direction. That piece of knife-blade wrecked the vessel.

Every one trifling sin, as small as a broken knife point, as it were, is able to rob the conscience of peace and happiness.—The Rev. John McNeil.

Building.

'We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows,
Must our inmost self disclose,
Till in every arch and line
All our hidden faults outshine.

'Do you ask what building this
That can show both pains and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! its name is Character,
Build it well, whate'er you do.
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it clean and high and broad,
Build it for the eye of God.'

—James Buckham.

Excuses.

(The Rev J. G. Stevenson, in the 'Christian World.')

On summer evenings in the country you can often see strange shapes flitting through the air, and many a boy who never knows his lessons is able to tell you that they are bats. If you caught one and held it so that it did not hurt, you would notice first of all two wide but long wings, with ribs not unlike those of an umbrella. Right in the middle of the wings you would see a huddled, fluffy little body, with a head rather like a rat and two ears that stand out. Its legs would remind you of those of a bird, and it would have claws it can use as a kind of hand. You must remember what it looks like, or else you will not understand this tale, which is too good to be true.

* * * *

Once upon a time there was a young bat who liked eating a great deal more than he liked work. Do not blush if you know someone who resembles him in this, but read on. The bat was so lazy that instead of flying about to catch insects for his own meals, he would just hang upside down on a branch with his mouth open. When a fly or gnat strayed inside, he smacked his lips together, unless he was feeling so very idle that even that was too much trouble. All this made his mother sad, and so that he might not get too thin, she and his father used to drive swarms of gnats to where he was, and thus they managed to keep him much fatter than he deserved to be. But at last he disgusted them so much that they made up their minds to speak to him sternly. 'Come,' said his father, 'why don't you fly about and catch insects for yourself?' 'I cannot,' he squeaked in reply; 'I am a rat.' 'Then,' asked his mother, 'why don't you run about and pick up little beetles and ants?' 'Oh,' he answered, with a yawn, 'I could not run; I am a bird.' The tale ends there, and I am sorry, for I think it ought to go on and say that his parents left him to starve until he learnt better.

* * * *

What did he need to learn? 'Not to be lazy.' Quite right. 'To feed himself.' Most children can do that, and the greedy ones never know when to stop—nor where! But what else did he need to learn? Was it not, never to make excuses that are only make-believe? Of course we all laugh at the young bat, but some boys and girls always have six excuses for not attempting anything they do not wish to do, and others generally have seven excuses for what they have done wrong through naughtiness or carelessness. Of course, the children who read this never make more than one excuse at a time, but what sort of an excuse is it generally? Jesus Christ loves children so much that many of their excuses grieve Him, and once He spoke very strongly indeed about foolish people who try to excuse themselves, instead of doing at once what is right. Never offer to mother, or father, or teacher, an excuse you could not make to God, who knows all about you; and instead of trying to prove we are always right, and in place of making some flimsy excuse when we have done wrong, or are lazy, or have left something undone, let us keep quiet and try and do better next time.—'Christian World.'

An Odd Farm.

One of the oddest farms in the world is to be seen in Japan—a farm from which a crop of tens of thousands of snapping turtles is shipped every year. It is the property of Mr. Hattori, says Professor Mitsukuri in the 'National Geographical Magazine,' and has solved the problem of preserving the supply of what is to the Japanese a great delicacy.

The farm consists chiefly of a number of ponds. Some of them are set apart as breeding ponds. Once a day a man goes over the shores and with little wire baskets covers up all new egg deposits. Sometimes thousands of these wire baskets are in sight at a time, marking the place where the eggs lie and preventing the turtles from scratching the earth from them.

Hatching requires from forty to sixty days, according to the weather. The young, as soon as they appear, are put in separate small ponds, and are fed with finely chopped fish. They eat this during September and October, and late in October burrow in the mud for the winter, coming out in April or May.

Most of them are sold in the market when they are from three to five years old, at which time they are most delicate.

The Secret.

I once knew a young collegian who, they told me, was making a deeper impression on his fellow-students and professors than any other student who had been in the institution for years. I heard of him everywhere. In all the clubs and meetings and delegations that were talked of before me, this man's name was appearing, and I marvelled much at his enormous capacity for work. At last one of the professors, speaking of him in the most glowing terms, threw in, in the middle of his eulogy, a sentence upon which I put my finger at once as the clue to the secret by which he accomplished the many things—too many, very probably—which he undertook. 'Tom knows,' said the professor, 'the value of five minutes about as well as anybody I ever saw.'

There is a sermon in a very few words. Do you know the value of five minutes? If you do not, seek it out among the other tables of weights and measures, and study hard until you find how much it equals, and you will have laid the foundation for much learning.—The 'Girl's Companion.'

When Sally Paid Her Way.

(Mrs. S. A. Stewart, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

'What's the matter, little one?' asked a kind voice from the farmer's waggon of the little figure in overalls, curled up in the fence corner crying as if her heart would break.

'Oh, jest ever'thing,' sobbed the little sufferer. 'Tim's blind, and we're orphans, and they don't give us 'nough to eat, and—and—I bin lookin' for a job and I can't find one. Erma Toll got a job, but I'm too little.'

'Well, now, look here, little man, how would you like a job of workin' for you and your blind brother's board? You'd like it, eh? Well, now, you and him jest be out here about an hour from now and I'll take you up the saw mill and give you a job as roust-a-bout man,' said the farmer.

That evening little Sally and blind Tim sat down to such supper as they had seldom seen. To be sure they sat on boards and ate off an oil cloth covered table, but there were meat, gravy, new potatoes, peas, pie and milk—all they could dispose of, and more.

'Take good care of my boys,' the farmer had called back to the big Irish woman, who stood in the cookhouse door as he drove away.

'Sure an' that's what I'll be doin.', replied the woman, as she took Sally by the hand and led her into the house.

'Will you please tell me what I'm to do?

asked Sally. Then as she saw astonishment written all over the cook's face, she added, 'You know I'm to work for my and Tim's board. That was the 'rangement me an' the man made.'

The cook threw back her head and laughed heartily. 'Yes,' said she, 'I'll tell ye what ye might be doin'. Jest ye stay out o' this yer cook house, an' don't be lettin' me see the loikes of ye exceptin' at feedin' time, an' jest 'fore dark when ye must be crawlin' into that bunk over there. The farmer sent ye out here fer fattenin', not for the work that could be gotten out of eech as ye be,' and with a good natured grin the cook went about her work.

That night Sally lay awake long after Tim's steady breathing told her that his weary little body was wrapped in slumber. Tim was eleven years old—four years older than Sally—but he was blind and so timid that Sally had long felt toward him as an older sister might.

'It's awful grand up here,' she commented to herself. 'The air is so good, an' the water, an' the victuals; but I'm cheatin' the man, I know I be, 'cause he 'tended me to be roustabout man. He thought I was a boy, 'count of my overalls, an' I never told him different, fear he'd think I couldn't do 'nough. But I'm cheatin', if I don't work some way.'

All the next day Sally did her best to make Tim happy, but her heart was heavy. As evening drew near and the men gathered about the door of the cook house, she heard one man say to another, 'There's lots of chittim in these parts.'

'Yes,' replied the other,' a little could be made off of it, if it were gathered; but I guess the boss ain't no time to fool with it.'

Sally's face brightened. As they started into the cook house, she timidly accosted the last speaker, 'Do you think the boss would like to have me gather the chittim for him?' she said.

The man smiled. 'I guess what you'd do wouldn't make much difference to him one way or 'nother,' said he.

That night Sally went to sleep with a happy face, and next morning immediately after breakfast she took Tim with her and began her work. Armed with Tim's pocket knife she pealed the bark from the slender trees, climbing first one and then another, and dropping the bark at the foot of the tree, where Tim would sit and respond to her cheerful chatter.

'You can help Timmy,' she told him. 'You can break the pieces all up in little bits, so the man can sell it to the folks that use it for medicine tea. You know it couldn't get into the tea pots in big strips like this.' And Tim gladly consented—he always consented to Sally's plan—and together they worked day after day. Nobody knew how tired the little arms got with reaching, or how often the little shins were skinned by the rough knots on the trees, except Sally; but she felt that she was keeping her word, and she was happy.

Sally and Tim had been at the mill for nearly three months, and all through the woods there stood chittim trees, shorn of their bark, which lay in little heaps on the ground below. They had never seen the farmer who owned the mill since the first day that they were there; but now the machinery had broken down and he was to come and look after it.

'Well, here are my boys,' said he, as he came to the cook house at noon, 'and they have grown so fat and rosy, I wouldn't have known them.'

Sally looked at Tim. He had grown fat and rosy. She remembered how pale he used to be, and her heart welled up with gratitude toward the man who had brought them there. Then she remembered that he didn't know what she had been doing, and perhaps it was not what he would be pleased with, either. After dinner she slyly approached him and told him her story. Hand in hand they went through the woods and she showed him pile after pile of the carefully prepared chittim. Finally he took her on his knee and said, 'Little man, what one thing would you like to have more than any other?'

'I'm not a man,' said Sally, 'I'm just a little girl, an' I wear overalls 'cause they're all I got. I never meant to be lyin,' and the tears began to gather in her eyes.

'Landy, child! I knew that. I just called you "little man" for fun. But you didn't answer my question,' replied the man.

'Oh, more than all the things in the world I'd like to have Tim get to go to school, exclaimed Sally so he could learn how to do things like other boys, an' be able to 'sport himself, when he gets to be a man. When I get old 'nough, I'm going to earn money and send him.'

'What would you think,' said the man, 'if I should tell you that I have given all of this chittim back to you, and that I can sell it for enough to send Tim to the blind school and buy you a new dress or two, besides?'

Sally's eyes and mouth were wide open with wonder, and, as the meaning of the man's word began to dawn upon her more fully she jumped up and down and clapped her hands for joy.

That was nearly eight years ago. Tim graduated last year from a large eastern university and he has recently been elected as instructor in the school for blind in his own State. His first year at school was so successful that he was able to win a scholarship, which carried him through the rest of the course. The farmer and his wife adopted Sally, gave her the best advantage that their means could afford, and now she has gone to keep house for her brother, whom she lovingly calls 'Professor Tim.'

Yield a Little.

Yield a little to a brother!
  Sometimes, yielding is a grace;
If it smooths life for another,
  Yield a point with smiling face.

Yield a little of your pleasure!
  Pleasures pall enjoyed alone—
Filling someone's scanty measure,
  Fills, and overflows your own.

Yield your way; if it be better,
  Prove it by the yielding test;
It will leave someone your debter,
  When he finds your way is best.

Yield your comfort to some other,
  Whom but few have thought to please—
Find your comfort in the brother
  Whose sad lot you help to ease.

Yield a little of your leisure!
  Toil, that other hands may rest;
Share a portion of your treasure
  With the most unwelcome guest.

Yield your rights? Yes, yield a little,
  But of Honor, Truth, and Faith,
One jota, jot or tittle,
  Yield not, yield not until death.

—Selected.

Indestructible Picture-Books.

There is no toy which affords a little child more amusement than scrap-books filled with bright pictures. They are welcome gifts in children's hospitals, where their pages delight the patients. The cost is trifling, and they are easily made if one knows just how to go to work.

Cut from silesia four pieces fourteen inches long and twenty-three wide, one pink, one red, one yellow, and one blue, then one of pink and one of blue fourteen inches long, but only eleven and a half inches wide. Fold the wide pieces down the centre, turn the raw edges of the three sides in and baste together. They should now be a little less than fourteen inches long, and about eleven inches wide. Next, with blue single zephyr wool finish the three sides with buttonhole-stitches, making them one-quarter of an inch long and one-quarter of an inch apart.

Have ready a number of bright-colored pictures of various sizes—such as can easily be clipped from advertisements, the covers of magazines and papers and old fashioned plates—and some photographer's paste, and arrange them according to fancy upon both sides of the double leaves, and one side of the two single ones. In the book before me one has a goat, a group of hens with one or two wee chickens, a boy holding a dog, and a clown teaching a dog to leap from one chair to another, a second has the bottom occupied by a coach drawn by four horses, while a hansom cab ornaments one of the upper corners, and the remaining space is filled up with a fish, a donkey, a girl carrying a waiter, and two soldiers wrestling; a third displays a whole circus—performing elephants, dogs, lions drawing a chariot, girls jumping through hoops, etc. A small globe of goldfish, a goose and goslings in a pond, birds, cupids, brownies, wreaths, butterflies, etc., are put in to fill the spaces between the larger pictures. The paler-tinted ones are put on the red pages, and the brighter ones on the blue, pink, and yellow leaves.

When the pasting is finished, put the pages under some heavy weight—a large book will do—and let them remain overnight.

Next cut two pieces of thin pasteboard, each fourteen inches long and eleven inches wide, and one piece of figured cretonne— a dark, but not black ground, with gay colors—fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide. Lay the pasteboard pieces on the wrong side of the cretonne, leaving a space one inch and a half wide between the two, and baste the cretonne down over the top, bottom, and outer side of each, turning down and basting the same width upon the space between the two pieces. Lay the yellow and the pink single pages upon the pasteboard covers, turn the edges in, and hem them down on the cretonne along the top, bottom, and outer sides, letting the fourth raw edge lie smoothly upon the cretonne between the two covers.

Put a row of machine-stitching through cretonne, pasteboard, and lining on the sides of the covers next to the centre. Lastly, baste all the leaves together on the sides which have no buttonhole-stitching, lay the pile carefully exactly midway between the covers, fold the two covers over them, so that their outer edges meet, and with the sewing-machine stitch one row through the cretonne and the leaves half an inch from the edge of the fold in the centre of the cover, and a second one-eighth of an inch inside, between it and the middle of the cover. This method fastens the pages securely, and yet leaves ample room for them to turn freely and open to their full width.—'Harpers' Bazar.'

A Bad Foundation.

Passing along the street the other day, I saw a crowd collected around an unfinished building. I stopped and soon learned that the side wall of the house had fallen, killing two men and wounding several others. The questions passed from lip to lip, 'How was it?' 'Why did it fall?' 'Who is to blame?'

'The cause is plain enough,' said a man, evidently a builder, pointing to the base of the building; 'it had a bad foundation—too weak by half for such a wall.'

I passed round to the front; it was tall and stately, of red brick, with white marble cappings and ornaments—altogether a fair and noble house, and, but for the terrible gap, pleasant to look upon.

With a sad heart I went on my way. Two souls gone to their last account, and wounded sufferers left to drag out weary days and nights, all because somebody laid a bad foundation. What folly, nay, what guilt, thus to endanger human life! Ah, yes, it is not only a thoughtless, but a wicked thing to lay a bad foundation, and yet how many are every day guilty of it!

The schoolboy who is only studious and quiet when the teacher's eye is upon him, who will get the answers to his problems by the 'key,' or from another boy's slate, instead of working them out himself; who will break rules whenever he can do so without being punished; or who will spend the day in the street playing truant when his parents think he is at school, is laying a bad foundation.

The girl who is careless and untidy as to her dress, who is in too much haste to set her room in order neatly and thoroughly, is laying a bad foundation.

Worse still the boy or girl who is ill-tem-

pered or sullen when asked to assist at home, to fetch a pail of water or a stick of wood, to amuse the younger children or rock the cradle; the boy or girl who says, 'I don't want to,' when such little services are needed, or goes grumbling to do them, is laying a bad foundation.

The boy who is tempted by the open shop on Sunday to spend his missionary money and yields; who, tempted on a bright day to take a walk, a ride, or sail, instead of going to Sunday-school, and yields, is laying a bad foundation.

The boy who turns over for another little nap after he is called in the morning; who thinks 'it will do just as well to-morrow' when there is anything unpleasant to be done, forgetting that to-morrow never comes, is laying a bad foundation.

All these boys and girls are builders, and character is the structure they are rearing. There are thousands who make sad mistakes; idleness, delay, want of resolution, dishonesty in small things, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, gambling, falsehood, theft—these are all laid in the foundation.

Fatal errors they often prove. Later in life, what should be the strong and noble character of a man, beautiful to contemplate, falls with a sudden crash that buries him for ever from the respect of good men, and leaves his soul a wreck for eternity.

Little builders, lay the foundation firm and sure and strong. Look well to the little weak places: make them secure. Ask daily help from God and He will aid you to build a good and true character, such as even His pure eyes may look upon with pleasure.—'Child's Companion.'

Weighted Down.

A Little Picture of a Great Empire.

A girl visitor from America was walking in the streets of a Chinese city one day with a missionary friend, when she noticed something strange about the children. They seemed to be playing avery happily; but why did they fall about so much? A chuoby, orange-tinted boy, who was the leader of the game, seemed to get more tumbles than any of the others.

Presently the boy came up to the visitor and her missionary-guide. It was easy to see that there was something that hampered his movements, and presently he again tumbled headlong. As he approached, his mother came too, hurying forward on her tiny deformed feet to see what the 'foreign devils' were going to say to her child.

A few words from the missionary caused her to give a laugh of amusement. Why did the child fall so often? Oh, she would soon show them. Then she lifted the little fellow from the ground, and, to their surprise, began to unfasten the baggy little pair of trousers he wore. It was an outer trousers, tied at the waist over a smaller pair. And then—well, then she began to swing the child to and fro by the heels.

Great was the amazement of the stranger to see a shower of sand, pebbles, and even large stones fall to the ground from the loosened garments, while the mother told the reason of this curious custom.

'Our little ones would run away from their small-footed mothers unless we weighted them down with stones,' she said, pointing with pride to the heap of stones that had served to anchor her offspring. 'When they try to run away they are sure to lose their balance as the stones begin to swing back and forth.'

As the mother spoke she quietly refilled the seat of Ah Sin's trousers, and in a few minutes he was again bobbing about the narrow, ill-smelling street as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The missionary looked at the little girl's puzzled face. 'Child,' she said gently, 'China is weighted down, just as little Ah Sin is, with the stones of heathendom, with all its wickedness and superstition. There is but one hope for the people of this land. It is that they may one day become the sons of God. But as yet there are many, many millions who have never so much as heard of our blessed Saviour.'

China calls urgently for the Gospel. In the days to come that great Empire, with its four hundred million souls, will be a ruling power in the world. We should pray that she may receive Jesus now, so that she may be a Christian and not a heathen power, and march to her great destiny under the banner of the Cross.

Take a Little Trouble.

A girl told me last week that she despised girls who cared for popularity; that she wouldn't turn aside a hair's breadth to make anybody like her; that she was bent on being sincere and candid, and had a supreme contempt for diplomacy, and tact, and every sort of social cleverness. I think this girl is beginning life in a mistaken fashion. To please people, to be one's self pleased with people, a little trouble must be taken, and the person who never conciliates, never compliments, never says the gracious word and smiles on those around her in cheery and sunny fashion is, I am afraid, selfish.

There is a beautiful sentence in the Bible, 'For even Christ pleased not Himself,' and we may well adopt it for our own precept, as Whittier wrote:

'Our Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.'

—Australian 'Globe.'

Driving Home a Fact.

If only the folks who waste their money in strong drink could be made to think solidly for one five minutes, what mighty accessions to the Temperance army we might record! An admirable instance of the truth of this assertion is related by a London city missionary, who for some years has visited thousands of men employed in the glass factories of South London. Among other methods for benefiting these toilers, he has instituted classes for simple educational instruction. Some months ago a man who was receiving tuition in arithmetic was set a significant problem as part of his lesson, namely, the cost per annum of three pints of beer a day, at sixpence. Having found the sum total, he was to show how much could be purchased if the same amount were invested in clothes and household necessities for self, wife, and children. The man worked the problem so effectively that both he and his wife were utterly astonished at the truth revealed by the figures, and at once sincerely resolved to give up their beer. This has already proved but the first step to higher social and religious advancement. Why don't drinkers think?—The 'Alliance News.'

Blind to Opportunities.

There is a story that the queen of England, in one of her wanderings among the cottages of the poor, was caught in a shower. Entering the dwelling of an old woman, she said:

'Will you lend me an umbrella?'

'I hae twa umbrellas,' said the old woman: 'ane is a guid ane, t'other verra old. You may take this; I guess I'll never see it again,' and she handed over the old umbrella, which showed its ribs through its coarse, torn cover. The visitor took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants returned the umbrella, and then the cottager knew what she had missed.

'Ay, ay; had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to the best of a' that I hae in the world,' exclaimed the mortified old woman. She had missed her opportunity; she did not know her visitor.

To the woman by Jacob's well the Saviour said, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.'—Selected.

Ready for Whatever Comes.

Self-control in trifles trains to self-control in crises. There is such a thing as the habit of mastery. When we accustom ourselves to deny the body in lesser matters, we are surely storing up power for victory in some great temptation. On the other hand it is impossible to yield to all the impulses of self in things that seem of small importance, and then one day suddenly rise to conquest when a great struggle is on. We are preparing to-day for to-morrow's defeat or victory.

Don't Do It.

If you want to miss the strife,
As you move along through life,
,Here are some things—just a few—
I'd advise you not to do:

Don't worry,
(Don't do it!);
Don't hurry,
(Don't do it!);

Don't borrow,
(Don't do it!);
Don't sorrow,
(Don't do it!);

Don't meddle,
(Don't do it!);
Don't peddle,
(Don't do it!);

Don't tattle,
(Don't do it!);
Don't battle,
(Don't do it!);

Don't squander,
(Don't do it!);
Don't wander,
(Don't do it!);

Don't snicker,
(Don't do it!);
Don't liquor,
(Don't do it!);

If you'd be a happy man,
Build your life on such a plan:
If contentment you would woo,
Things aforesaid do not do.

—The 'Adviser.'

Pollywog Philosophy.

The tadpoles all sat in the river and said:
'How lucky we are to be all tail and head!
Just think how we'd feel if we were as absurd
As a goggle-eyed fish or a feathery bird!'
'Oh, worse still!' they cried.
'We would wish we had died,
If instead of our being such nice pollywogs,
Mother Nature had made us all into green frogs!'
The dignified frogs sat on green lily-pads
And said: 'How absurd to say we sprang from tads!
From the little black tadpoles, all tail and all head!
But it can not be so!
For how could we grow
So beautiful if we had been pollywogs?
No! No! We have always been dignified frogs!'

And the feathery birds, high up in the tree,
Sang: 'The world is as funny as funny can be!'

—'Washington Post.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is November, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street,
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depth of the deepest sea.
—Maud Wyman, in 'Worthington's Magazine.'

The Organ-man.

A poor Italian, weary and footsore, turned out of the public throughfare into a yard-way one evening, and sat down there to rest himself, and to count the money he had received during the day. His organ was at his back, and his little monkey, perched upon the top of it, was playing his merry antics, altogether unconscious that his master was so weary in body and troubled in mind.

The poor man had travelled many miles that day, hoping that by getting as far as possible from the streets where he was known he might obtain the more money. But he was grievously disappointed; he had not even received enough to pay for the hire of his instrument.

'Cos,' he thought, as he finished counting his coppers, 'that is all there is, and I want threepence more. But where is that to come from? I know I shall get nothing more on the rest of the journey home, and I can travel no further out of my way to-night. Ah, me! I wish I had stayed in sunny Italy. London the place to get rich in?—how could I have been so foolish as to believe it? Better have been following the plough in my own dear land than leading such a life as this.'

As the poor man mused thus with himself, two or three boys gathered round, amused by the tricks of the monkey, who, seeing that his master would take no notice of him, was indulging in a variety of performances on his own account.

Amongst these boys was one, rougher-looking than the rest, who, dressed in a suit of corduroy, with a dirty apron twisted round his waist, seemed to be returning home from work. To tell the truth, he was more interested in the man than the monkey, and when he saw him for the second or third time take his money from his pocket and count it over again, he said:

'What's the matter? shall I count it for you?'

The man looked into his face with a keen, penetrating glance. He seemed to be satisfied with the boy's look for his features relaxed into a faint smile, and he replied, in broken English, 'Oh, no, no, no; me can count very well, very well. There is just one threepence too little. Me do want three more pennies for to pay.'

'To pay?' said the boy.

'Yes,' replied the man, laying his hand upon the organ. 'Me do want for this to pay, three pennies.'

'Oh, ah, yes,' said the boy. 'I see; you have it out, and pay so much a day for it.'

'That is it, that is right,' replied the man.

'Well, why don't you play up and get it?' said the boy.

'It cannot come,' replied the organ-man. 'Me get one ha'penny for the last two hour.'

At this moment an old gentleman, passing the end of the yard, saw the boys gathered round the Italian. Wondering whether anything was amiss, he joined the group.

'What is the matter?' he asked, looking from one to the other for an answer.

'Oh, if you please, sir,' said the boy with the apron, 'this 'ere orgin-man ain't got enough money to take home for his orgin; he wants threepence more'n he's got.'

'Ah!' said the old gentleman, with a good-humored twinkle of the eyes, 'I never encourage organ-men. They will annoy me with their grinding when I want to read or write in quietness; and they will not go away when they are requested to do so.'

'Ah, but this one ain't one o' that sort, sir,' said the boy. 'He always comes to our house on washin' days, and plays to my little brother and sister at the window; and my mother always gives 'em a ha'penny a-piece to give to him because he amuses 'em for such a long while. If I had threepence,' he added, 'I'd give it him myself.'

'Do you really mean to say,' asked the old gentleman, 'that if you had the money you would give it to this man?'

'Why, yes, sir,' answered the boy; 'if he don't pay for his orgin to-night he won't be able to have it out to-morrow, will you, Mister?'

The man shook his head; whereupon, the monkey did the same.

'Well,' said the old gentleman, 'look here, my boy. Here is threepence for you. Do as you like with it. If you like to give it to this man, do so; if you prefer to keep it, keep it.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' said the boy, taking the money. Then, passing it to the organ-man, he said,

'Here you are, Mister. Now you can go home all right.'

As the poor man took the money he looked from one to the other not knowing how to express his thanks. At length he stammered out:—'You are one boy most, most good. And the gentleman is one gentleman, excellent.' Then, starting up, he turned to the monkey, and, showing him the money, said something in his own language. In a moment the monkey seemed to become frantic with delight, and began to run backwards and forwards on the top of the instrument, taking off his hat and bowing, and kissing his hand in such a way, that he set the boys screaming with laughter. The old gentleman seemed to be as much amused as any of them, and when at length the monkey ceased his antics, he turned to the boy and said—'Come, my lad, you began this business, you ought to finish it. Ask the man how he is going to get his supper to-night.'

The boy did so; and after some little difficulty the Italian made it understood that he would have to depend on the generosity of his brother organ-men for a supper, and hope to be able to return the kindness another time.

'Here, my friend,' said the old gentleman, putting something into his hand. 'Here are a few pence to get you some supper. Thank this boy for it; it is entirely through him that I noticed you at all. Good-bye, my lad,' he said, turning to go; 'you have a kind heart; keep it, and God will reward you.'

THE ORGAN-MAN.

The Italian held his hat in his hand until the old gentleman had passed out of the gateway, as did also the monkey; then, putting the little fellow in the bosom of his jacket, he lifted his organ on to his back. When he had got it right, he turned to the boy. Taking him by the hand he said—

'You are my very, very good friend. You will be forgotten, not ever.'

'Good-bye,' said the boy.

'Good-bye,' returned the man. And with a heavier pocket, and therefore a lighter heart, he went on his way.

'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'.—'Children's Friend.'

'Naps, Better Than Nips.'

A good many people might take this advice of the Bishop of Manchester to heart with profit to themselves:

'Brain weariness,' he said, 'was inseparable from the busy and strenuous, or even the society life as now led; without a "nip" the day cannot be got through. One thing was certain—that if you stimulated the weary brain by taking a dram you weakened it, and the next day it would not be able to do as much work as before without an extra peg. When the brain is weary it wants rest, and rest can be gained either by taking a nap or turning to some other employment. The Duke of Wellington took a ten minutes' nap' before the Battle of Salamanca, and woke up fresh and alert for the task before him. Brain-fag should be cured by a nap, and not by a nip.'

The Slave of a Slave.

(Amy Wellington, in the 'Comrade.')

One December evening the Tomboy was 'punging' home after dark. It had been snowing all day long—one of those gentle, clinging storms; lamp-posts and houses, the old church steeple—each common object, all touched with snow, loomed beautifully unfamiliar; but now, only a few last flakes glinted in the lamplight, and the white, quiet streets were growing lively again. Boys and men were out with shovels, eager for the job of clearing a sidewalk, and sleighs ran easily along.

The Tomboy jumped off the back of a pung, with a good-night to the obliging driver, and plunged down a side street which led to a poor quarter of the town. She made deep tracks with her new rubber boots, and scooped up the snow for balls. Away they flew, hitting fence and lamp-post, cross old gentleman's neck, anything for a target, till suddenly she stopped with a half-made ball in her hand, gfor there, before her, on the sidewalk was a woman shovelling a woman in a calico dress, trying to keep a thin shawl about her shoulders while she scraped the snow into the gutter. The light from a street lamp fell on one of those quenched young faces, not uncommon in that part of the town. The Tomboy had seen it often at the window.

'What are you doing that for?' she asked.

'I want to get it done before my man comes home,' answered the woman, dully.

'Well, you go into the house and get warm, and I'll do it,' said the child, impulsively seizing the shovel.

After a feeble resistance the woman let go the handle and went in-doors, looking back doubtfully; but the sturdy little girl, with the compelling dark eyes, began to cut the snow in neat blocks and toss them far into the street, as she had seen men do. Her cheeks grew warm and rosy as her red tam o' shanter, and so did her strong little hands, until she was obliged to stop a minute and pull off her wet mittens. Just then she felt someone looking at her, and, turning quickly, saw a man near the doorstep—a big, red-faced man in a woollen sweater and warm overcoat, carrying a dinner-pail and smelling of whiskey. He was eyeing her curiously, but as soon as she saw him he went into the house without a word.

Presently the woman appeared, distressed and flurried. She put a nickle in the Tomboy's hand, saying: 'My man told me to give you this.'

'You keep it,' returned the child. 'But don't let him know,' she cautioned.

The woman's fingers shut greedily over the bit of money; she and the Tomboy were very close together now, and the child questioned passionately: 'Why don't you run away from him? I would.'

'I can't,' the woman faltered. 'There's the baby; he's ailin'—and I ain't very strong yet. Besides, I can't find work. And he says he'd take the baby.' Then, as if afraid of what she had uttered, the woman shrank within; and as the door closed upon her the Tomboy heard a baby screaming.

Ah, the incomprehensible weakness and the shame! She had never seen anything quite so bad as this. She had heard the drunken curse, she had watched her own mother's tears while her little heart was throbbing fiercely. As the Tomboy shovelled on in one of those wild revolts that rent her childhood, the blocks of snow weighed heavy and heavier, but she did not care; she did not care if her arms broke with aching; she would clear that sidewalk to the end, which she did scrupulously, then rang the door-bell, and the woman answered.

'Don't be afraid!' the child insisted, as she handed back the shovel and asked for a broom; but the woman hastily shut the door in her face. She had said too much already, and she was afraid her man might hear.

So the Tomboy trudged wearily home, late to supper, thinking she was glad she wasn't a woman; but then she had made up her mind long ago that she would 'never be a woman!' And she thrust her little hands into her pockets with a sudden satisfaction, for she had earned a five-cent piece.—The 'Comrade.'

A Place for the Boys.

Our boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step round the corner and pause at the door
Where other boys' feet have passed often before?
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say: 'Here's a place for the boys!'
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy and mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should—because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys,
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?
There's a place for the boys. They find it somewhere;
And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice,
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price
For the getting of that which our lifetime employe,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

—Anonymous.

Just Too Late.

(Continued.)

But a far greater trouble was the knowledge that overtook me before that year was very old—the fact that she sometimes partook too freely of the stimulants than was at all right; and my fears for her produced a state of nerves which threatened to render me unfit for my duties. In the midst of all this it occurred to me to ask our old friend, Dr. Bell, to pay us a visit.

'He was a singularly attractive as well as a gifted man, and I hoped great things from his influence. He arrived in due course, and to my delight Nora was completely captivated with him and never so pleased as when in his company.

'He made no remark upon her state of health until the last evening of his stay, although I had tried to introduce the subject many times.

'How well I remember that night! Nora, who was a little better, had been singing to us and had enchanted our guest with her beautiful rendering of some of his favorite ballads. Very lovely she looked in her soft white evening dress, the brilliant blush I had learned to dread enhancing her beauty.

'The good doctor watched her intently, and when she had left us to retire for the night, he said, with a little sigh: "She is quite a flower, a lovely, still half-folded bud, this little wife of yours, my dear Atherton; I have not seen anything so fair for years; but you must act before it is too late, or it will be ruin—utter ruin of body and soul."

'He laid a kindly hand upon my arm as he spoke, seeing my look of horror, and continued: 'You asked me for the real truth I am grieved to give you pain, but you leave me no alternative. There is terrible danger ahead in your wife's case, and unless you keep her from every kind of strong drink, I tell you plainly there is no hope; she will become a confirmed drunkard."

'Can I ever forget that horrible moment when my dear old friend said this in hushed tones and with a look full of intense pity!' said Anselm Atherton, with a ring of bitter anguish in his voice that went to his friend's heart.

'I had already, as I told you, grave suspicions of my own, and I knew my friend was not the man to confirm them without excellent foundation for so doing.

'"It will be a severe trial of your love and patience, but you must be firm," he said, as I sat like one stunned. "Your Nora is young, and there is every reason to hope for a perfect cure. The greatest danger with her is her excitable temperament, and were she to continue taking stimulants as she is undoubtedly doing now in considerable quantities, I feel tolerably certain it would end in insanity. It is the only remedy, believe me. In her case no plans of the dangerous doctrine of moderation will suffice. It must from this hour be with your poor wife, as it should be with everyone under God's sky: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not."' Then in the kindest way Dr. Bell went on to give advice as to the future.

'"If you feel unable to undertake the task before you, I strongly advise you to send your wife to a Home where such cases are often successfully treated. I question your ability to do it yourself. You will find it uphill work," were his parting words to me the next day.

'Perhaps you can imagine my feelings when the good doctor had gone. For hours I postponed the dreaded interview with my wife, feeling too dazed and worried to attend to my round of parish visiting. I knew how Nora had been trained to regard strong drink, and how spoiled she had been also, and could picture what her anger would be; but I was totally unprepared for the violent outburst of passion I had never dreamed her capable of showing.

'It was a sad experience, and had I acted upon Dr. Bell's advice its sadness would probably have ended there. I could not endure the thought of parting with my darling, and yielded at length to her tearful entreaties that she should remain at home and relinquish what was so ruinous to her health and happiness by degrees; and with my old friend's aid obtained a kind of maid attendant, who, unknown to Nora, had been used to the care of simular cases, hoping great things for the future.

'But I did not banish the demon from my home, and I was bitterly punished. Would that I had been firm, as the doctor advised.

'I must not detain you much longer, Heywood, dear boy, I know you have an appointment for to-night, so I will hasten on without detailing all I went through at that time.

(To be Continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

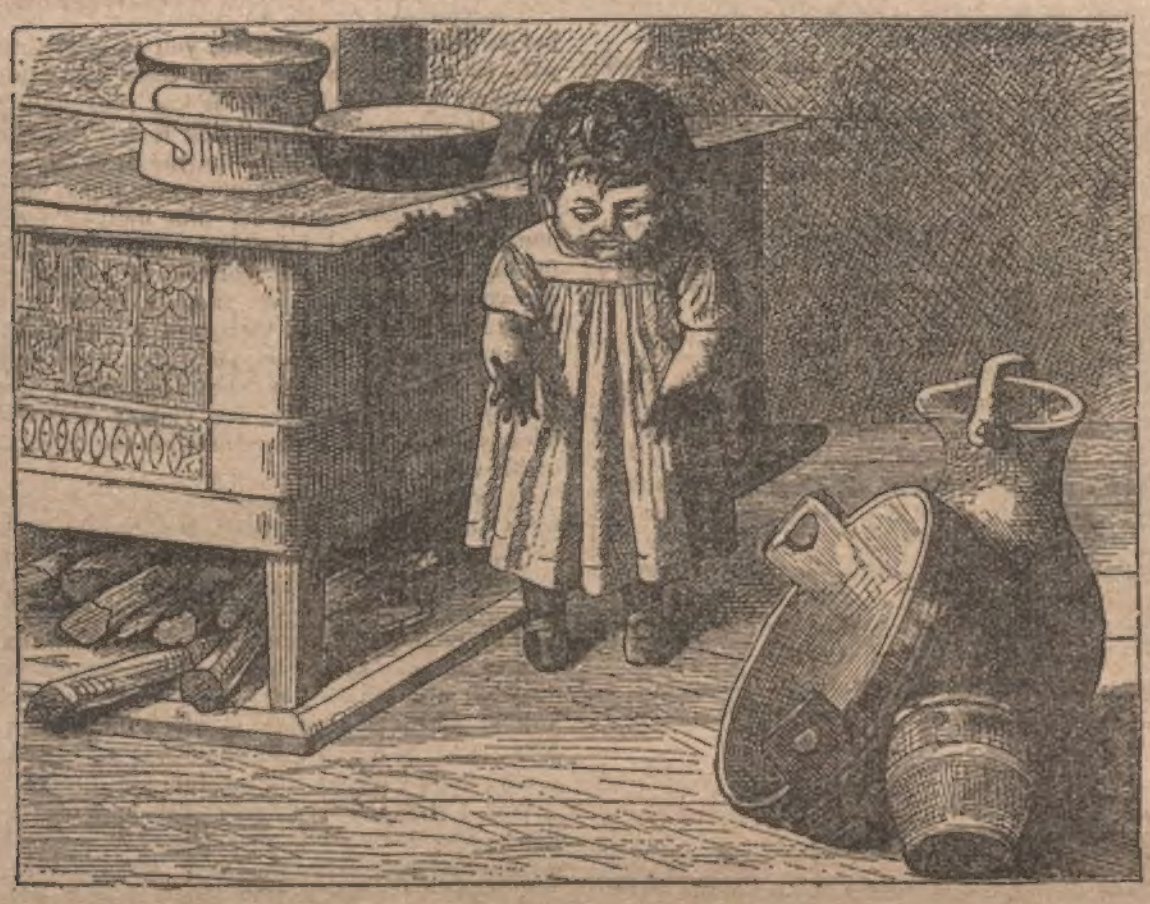
LITTLE FOLKS

Little Mischief.

Who knows little Mischief?
He lives in our house,
Now upstairs, now downstairs,
As restless as a mouse.

This morning, very early,
He tumbled out of bed,
Screamed for half a moment
Because he'd 'bwoke' his head.

Then some sudden fancy
Took him out of sight;
Soon we found him cleaning
Shoes with all his might.



LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Tangled were his golden locks,
Smeared his nose and chin—
It looked as though a blacking-pot
My lord had tumbled in.

Now he's in the kitchen,
Dancing here and there,
Breaking, peeping, laughing,
Without a thought or care.

Who would be the owner
Of such a naughty boy?
Yet he's mother's darling,
Her plague, her care, her joy.

—'Little Folks.'

Little Tea Leaves.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in the 'S. S. Advocate.')

All Canton village was astir! The big folks, that is, the women folks, were beginning the New Year with all sorts of resolves, that should reach forth into doing a vast deal of good to everybody, even the heathen. They had any number of meetings about the best way of doing things; and they had missionaries, who were just fresh from their work, to speak to them and set things in motion.

'Why shouldn't the children have a chance?'

That's what Crinkle Alison thought about it. And when a thought entered Crinkle's little curly pate that very moment she jumped up and set the thought into action.

Having found her pencil and paper, bang went the big drawer, and off started Crinkle at full speed. By dinner time she had every girl in the village all excitement over the plan that, as soon as she began to talk, rapidly unfolded itself in her active little brain.

No one knew what it was going to be, or had very clear ideas of what was expected of them. Only that there were to be meetings, and everybody was to have a good time.

'I don't quite know,' said one gentle mother to another, 'whether it is best to let these little things go on with this work. They don't understand, I'm afraid, how solemn it all is.'

'Let them alone,' said the other, wisely, 'and they will find out for themselves. Little humming birds don't expect to do the work of old sober sparrows like you or I. But they're needed all the same.'

And so, on New Year's afternoon, there were thirteen little girls in Crinkle Alison's best parlor, that, considering the day and the occasion, her mother had allowed her to open. 'Thirteen and a half,' as one of the girls said, because Teddy Bunce was along, having come with his sister Nancy, who would have been obliged to stay at home had she not brought her little brother. 'But then he wears skirts,' the girl added.

'Never mind,' said President Crinkle, perched up in the highest and best chair to give her importance. As she had added the new dictionary, she looked fully head and shoulders above all the other girls. Her feet dangled helplessly, to be sure, and it wasn't polite to swing them. Aloud she spoke up with great dignity: 'Teddy can stay, 'cause we want Nancy. But he mustn't talk, 'cause he ain't a girl.'

'Yow!' said Teddy, who had been peacefully chewing a corn-ball, 'I want to talk some, I do.' And just because he was told not to talk, he put down his sticky corn-ball on Mrs. Alison's red-and-white table-mat, opened his chubby mouth, and let out a perfect stream of baby prattle.

'You mustn't do that!' cried President Crinkle, jumping down from her high perch, glad of the chance to stretch out a bit, and running up to rescue the mat. She held up the pretty red-and-white affair, her mother's great pride, with one hand, while she snapped the offending corn-ball clear across the table with the other.

'Yow! yow!' came now in good earnest from number thirteen-and-a-half; 'dat's mine—mi—ine!' and he struggled to recover his goods.

'You'd no right to do that,' said Nancy, with a very red face, trying to hold the little brown apron, and yet keep clear of the stout little shoes that were kicking lustily on all sides at once!

'Mi—ine! Mi—ine!' struck in Ted, whenever he had a chance.

Here was a pretty state of affairs. And on New Year's Day, too! And before anybody knew it, the room was in one great commotion, just as they say it is in the big hall of Congress sometimes.

Half of the girls took sides with President Crinkle, and half with Nancy.

'Children,' came a quiet voice suddenly from the door, 'what is the name of your society?'

President Crinkle flew at once for her chair, the seat of honor, while each girl slipped into the nearest place that could hold an active little body, and Nancy clapped her hand over Ted's mouth.

'We haven't thought of it,' said the president, meekly. Oh, how ashamed they felt!

'You live in Canton,' said mother, after a moment's silence. 'How would "The Little Tea Leaves" do? May your good deeds and words go out to comfort and refresh all the world, even as the plant, whose name you would bear!'

She shut the door. Down flew President Crinkle again from her chair; and this time something shone in her eye, as she rushed up to Nancy and little Ted, who was beginning on another howl.

'I can't be a Tea Leaf, Nancy,' she said, 'unless I comfort and 'fresh. Oh, I'm dreadful sorry I snapped his corn-ball!'

She leaned over and gave Ted a kiss on the tip of his chubby nose.

'He shouldn't a-done it,' said Nancy, while a pretty pink flush mounted up to her forehead. 'And I'm so sorry he spoilt your ma's pretty mat. I am.'

And then, all the corn-ball girls rushed immediately into the no-corn-ball girls' arms, and kissed and made up on the spot! And the meeting began!

'We're Tea Leaves,' said the president in her loudest voice, 'and we're goin' to comfort and 'fresh everybody through the year. Let's all vote "Yes"'

And every Tea Leaf there said 'Yes' as sedately as if they were grown up, while Ted, smiling through big tears, hugged his corn-ball and murmured happily 'Mi ne!'

The Molasses Dress.

(Celia M. Stone, in the 'Zion's Herald.')

'O mamma, may I go to Ada Mabry's to a candy-pull, just as soon as school is done? She has asked six of us girls to go home with her to the party. May I go?'

'Certainly, Anna,' said Mrs. Winship. 'I remember how I used to enjoy candy-pulls.'

'And, mamma, may I wear my new white dress that Auntie sent me? Lottie Barber says she guesses she shall wear her next to the best white, and Pearl Strout said she almost knew her mother would let her wear her white, and Mamie Gould said she knew she could wear hers, only it was too shrunk up for anything, and—and—may I, mamma, wear my pretty new one?'

'Oh, no, dearie, it would not be at all suitable. I couldn't think of letting you wear yours, even if the other girls should wear theirs.'

'Well, mamma, what shall I wear?'

'Your pink dimity is all done up fresh.'

''Yes, but it's faded.'

'I know it, but I think it will answer nicely for a candy-pull. We will put it on now so that you will be all ready to go after school.'

Anna Winship was too well brought up to tease, but the pink dimity was never a favorite, and to-day it was a trifle homelier than ever. She could not help two large tears that came and ran down her cheeks right on to the dimity. Of course mamma did not see them, for she did not say anything about the two spots where the starch was all gone, and, with a good-bye kiss, away ran Anna to school.

The afternoon was a little long to the six little girls, but away they went to Ada's house as soon as dismissed. Mrs. Mabry met them at the door with a very pleasant smile, and all went directly to the kitchen. Anna Winship had looked in vain for the white dresses that the girls had hoped to wear. Not one had even a freshly-ironed dress except herself.

Ada Mabry measured out the molasses, put on a clean apron, and the fun began. Just then Jennie Morton said: 'O Ada, let me make the candy, and the rest of you may pull it.'

The girls all liked Jennie Morton, but she was so heedless that something was always happening to her. Ada Mabry did not know what to do. The girls were her guests, and she wanted them all to have a good time: but something would happen if Jennie tried to make the candy, so she said gently: 'It will be pretty warm work to stand over the stove and make it, but you shall not pull it if you don't want to.'

'Oh, I don't mind that and I'm used to all kinds of kettles,' she added, as Ada explained that it was one of those kettles that had to be steadied on the side, or it would tip.

She seemed to want to do it so much that Ada gave her the chance, and the six little girls grouped around her.

'Why there isn't fire enough. This molasses isn't warm yet. Please hand me a stick of wood, Anna. I'll lift the kettle and put the wood in at the top.'

She raised the kettle and in a minute Anna Winshop was covered with molasses from her neck to her feet.

Jennie stopped stirring long enough to say: 'Too bad, Anna! Lucky for you the molasses wasn't hot. I forgot to steady the kettle, and I'm sorry to lose so much molasses;' and then she went on making the candy.

Poor Anna! It almost looked as if she would have to go home and lose the party after all, but Mrs. Mabry brought a dress, stockings and shoes for her to put on. To be sure, they were Ada's and were much too large, but Anna did not mind that.

When the party was over, how Anna did hug and kiss her mother, saying, between the hugs: 'I am so glad that you didn't let me wear the white dress! I'm sorry I cried over the dimity if you didn't see me cry! Mammas do know best, don't they?'

The molasses never quite washed out of the dimity, and the little yellow rivers always seemed to say: 'Aren't you glad we are not on the white dress?'

Do Your Best.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right goodwill;
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

—Selected.

Correspondence

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old, and go to school. We have a pet colt, a black kitten, and a dog. We live on a farm, about six miles from a town.

The R. river runs by our house, and it is very nice to go boating in summer. I was away visiting a number of times in summer holidays.

M. M.

D., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first attempt to write to the 'Messenger.' I only commenced to take it the first of the year, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the children's letters. I am nine years old, and have four little brothers, all younger than myself. I have been to school two terms, and am in the 'third grade.' We live on a farm two miles from the village. I will close with a riddle: Why are matches called matches?

JESSIE W. BROWN.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile to go to school, and am in the third grade. We live on a farm of 150 acres, and have 50 more rented. My brother stepped on my pet kitten and broke its leg. It is better now; it can walk. We have several pigeons, and one little colt. We go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday, but have three miles and a half to go.

EVA MAY SMALL.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Eva.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have one brother; he takes subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger.' My father keeps store, and I have a fine time. I love to clerk in the store. I have four dolls. I play with them the most of the time.

HAZEL LATIMER.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is Halifax Exhibition week. I don't know whether I shall go or not, but hope so. We are having an Exhibition here in our town in November. Prizes of all kinds are offered from schools, etc. The busy little town is improving very much. Our Academy has been lately improved by painting, varnishing etc. There are three departments, with one hundred and sixty scholars in the three rooms. The Girls' G. M. E. C. Club is going on with great interest. Our pastor has organized a boys' and girls' Christian League.

RENA JEFFERS.

[You forgot to send the answers with your riddles, Rena.—Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

Isobel Reeves, C., Ont., is having 'lots of fun playing in the autumn leaves.' We will keep you story, Isobel, to publish later on.

Janie L. Libbie, R., N.B., also sends a story, 'The Fox and the Goose' which will be printed later. Do you know, Janie, you forgot to sign your name. However, we remembered you had promised to send us the story.

A 'Messenger' Reader, W. A., N.S., says some very nice things about the 'Messenger,' for which many thanks. She also sends the answer to Elva T. Taylor's fourth riddle (Oct. 18)—A wood chuck would chuck as much wood as a wood chuck could chuck if a wood chuck could chuck wood. Jean K. G. Dunlop, P. D., N.S., and Bonner MacMillan, E., Alta., also send in this answer.

Violet Corkum, P. B., N.S., and Grace Pitt, G. H., N.B., both send riddles that have been asked before.

Hattie Greene, B. M., N.B., asks what is the difference between a man who has seen Niagara Falls and one who hasn't and a sandwich?

Willie G. Clarke, C. V., Ont., likes to read the letters. You will have to pay that little word 'and' a larger salary if you make it work so hard, Willie.

Jean Barlow, N. L., Ont., sends a little story which we will be pleased to use later on.

Florence Darrack, W., Ont., asks: Why is a stall bigger when there is a horse in it than when there is not?

Annetta Crewson, D., Ont., asks for the poem beginning, 'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.' That is the first line of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' Annetta, far too long to print here.

Madge Donoghy, C., Ont.; Marguerite Reilly, A., Que., and Jessie Reid, D., Ont., all send riddles that have been asked before.

Grace Lashbrook (L. J., Ont., has been ill but we hope she is quite well by now. Your riddles have already been asked, Grace. Yes, send us a drawing next time.

More riddles that have been asked before are sent in by Edna M. Earles, H., Ont., and Arthur M. Johnson, W., R.S.

We have also received little letters from Harold D. Moore, S. A., Ont.; M. Vera Skene, B., Ont.; Daisy Nickell, S., Ont.; and Kathleen V. Nickerson, S. B., N.S. Your drawing will go in later Kathleen.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Trumpet.' Flossie Currie (aged 10), C., B.C.
2. 'The Church Among the Hills.' Saida Wright (aged 11), H., Ont.
3. 'Butterfly.' Joseph Willtzen (aged 10), R. C., Alta.
4. 'Rabbit.' Irene Tully (aged 8), R., Man.
5. 'Union Jack.' Florence Olive Miller, O., Ont.
6. 'A Fine Time.' Arthur McLaughlin, C., Ont.
7. 'Blue Bell.' Arthur M. Johnson (aged 10), W., N.S.
8. 'House.' Roy Hammond, D., Colo.
9. 'Rabbit.' Marguerite Reilly (aged 11), A., Que.
10. 'Tea Plant.' Ture Thor (aged 10), R. C., Alta.
11. 'Life Boat.' Gertie Thor (aged 15), R. C., Alta.
12. 'Cherries.' Edna Eagle (aged 11), H., Ont.
13. 'My Boat.' Annetta Crewson (aged 12), D., Ont.
15. 'Cow's Head.' Fred Tully (aged (11), R., Man.
16. 'The Old Homestead.' G. Leslie Rankin (aged 12), S., Ont.
17. 'Working for Mother.' Madge Donaghy (aged 11), C., Ont.

DAINTY DOLL'S PATTERNS

Hundreds of little mothers were charmed last year with the dainty dolls' patterns we were able to supply.

The sewing season is on again, and dolly's winter wardrobe sadly needs attention. Then there are dolls to dress for baby sisters, dolls to dress for Christmas trees, dolls to dress for missionary boxes, and dolls to dress for—well, just for the fun of dressing them, and for another very good reason—to learn to sew neatly, that by-and-bye you can make your own clothes. For all this sewing, it would be so nice to have tissue paper patterns, 'just like mamma,' wouldn't it?

SET NO. 2.—GIRL DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.

Well, we have them for you. The directions are clear and easy to follow, and there is a diagram to show you how to put your pattern on cloth, so as to make your cloth go as far as possible; even 'grown-up's' make mistakes, in that way, as mother will agree. The patterns are in only one size to fit a doll of 12 to 15 inches, but each set contains from three to six garments, including the underwear.

Eight sets are in stock now, but we will not be able to get more at so low a price, so order at once if you want them. If any set you choose is sold out, we will put in another of your own choosing. The following are those to choose from:—

Set 1. Child doll's out-door suit with cape and bonnet.
Set 2. Girl's doll's out-door suit, with jacket and muff.
Set 4. Girl doll's indoor set, with pinafore.
Set 5. Doll's party dress, with cloak.
Set 7. Infant doll's out-door suit.
Set 8.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set 11. Girl doll's sailor suit.
Set 12. Boy doll's sailor suit.

Give number and name of set when you order, and send the money in one or two-cent stamps. As to the price, in single sets we could not accept less than ten cents, the same as for big patterns, but we only ask five cents added to any other order sent to this office. If father is renewing for the 'Messenger' and 'Witness,' or if mother is ordering some large patterns, or if big brother is sending in for a premium, just get them to add five cents for a doll's pattern for you.

Another capital way to get them is to get four or five little friends to put their money with yours, and order all together at five cents each. We would send the patterns all to you, and you would know how to distribute them to the right persons.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Happy Birdie.

I know a little captive bird,
He often sings to me;
A blyther song I've never heard
In leafy hedge or tree;
I think there's not in all the world
A happier bird than he.

From dawning morn till rising moon
He's busy all day long;
I never find him out of tune
When little things go wrong;
Nor one discordant, peevish tone
In all his gushing song.

So young and bright, so frolicsome,
So little, yet so wise;
He owns a bigger heart than some
A hundred times his size;
It throbs where'er his warblings come,
It sparkles in his eyes.

I learn some lessons, rare and choice,
From birdie's blythesome ways;
He tells me grateful hearts rejoice
Through all the dreary days;
That earth would be a paradise
If folks were full of praise.

Dear bird, he takes no anxious thought
For what the years may bring,
Nor frets because he hasn't got
The lark's high soaring wing,
But seems to ask, 'Why should we not
Give thanks in everything?'

He feels no loss of liberty,
He has no wish to rove;
Nor is it in his heart to be
With songsters of the grove,
So sweetly satisfied is he
To share in human love.

'Tis thus, good Lord, the hidden tie
That links my life to Thine
Brings sweeter freedom, purer joy,
Than wealth of mint or mine;
I want no heaven beneath the sky,
But store of love divine.

Lord, grant me this; I need no more
To tune my heart and tongue,
That life, through shine and share, may pour
Its music pure and strong,
Until I reach the sinless shore,
And join the endless song.

—'Daybreak.'

Home Finance.

A beautiful lawn with velvet-like grass, grand old trees and wondrous mountain views, is the centre of attraction to guests who visit Weston's Inn during August. Among the groups gathered there one afternoon last summer was one of college alumnae, who had chosen this quiet spot for their annual re-union. Old friendships had been enthusiastically renewed, reminiscences exchanged, and various plans and purposes in life brought up for comment and discussion. From the depths of a hammock Marion Van Alstyne had just been describing the home of an absent class-mate, enlarging upon the exceeding richness of the furniture and the costliness and beauty of the various decorations, ending with the announcement, 'If ever I marry I shall insist upon an establishment like that, where every room is a poem.'

'But suppose your future husband's income will not admit of such an outlay?' queried Kate Armstrong, a bright-eyed, energetic young matron.

'It must,' was the firm reply. 'I could not enjoy life if my home was not perfect in all its appointments.'

'Nor I, if my husband was worried and embarrassed by my extravagant demands,' was the quick retort.

'But surely, Kate,' said one whom the girls were wont to call Her Ladyship, 'you must recognize the advantages of living among beautiful surroundings, and one would better sacrifice in other ways than to have a disagreeable and unlovely home.'

'Quite true, my dear, but simple furnishings are not necessarily disagreeable, nor a home unlovely because it lacks a mortgage! I would dispense with silken draperies and costly carvings in my house, if having them was likely to carve fresh wrinkles on my husband's forehead.'

'You always had peculiar views,' said Her Ladyship, 'but one must have things like other people or drop out of society'

'If I did, I would not drop down, but up, into a society where originality and independent honesty were at a premium,' was the quick response.

'Girls,' interposed Mary Wallace, 'do you remember Ida Gray, who left college the year before we did?'

'Yes,' 'Of course,' 'Certainly,' came from various members of the group, Marian Van Alstyne rousing herself to add, 'What a lovely room she had! Such an artistic display of beautiful things! She would never agree with Kate's theories.'

'I am not so sure about that,' was the quiet reply. 'I visited her last winter and was much interested in studying her financial methods. You know she was called home from college owing to her father's sudden illness, and after his death his fortune was found to be so involved that little was left for the family. As her mother was an invalid, it fell to Ida's share to interview the lawyers and arrange matters of business, and she says she then learned how important it is for every woman to understand the art of keeping accounts and to know exactly the receipts and expenditures of her family. Two years after her father's death she married a physician, whose practice in a suburban town was not then yielding him more than $2,000 a year.'

'How could she do it?' interrupted Marion Van Alstyne.

'Because she was a sensible girl, who cared for the man himself and not his money,' exclaimed the irrepressible Kate.

'Hush, girls, I want to hear how they managed,' said a quiet little lady, who had already been waiting five years for a certain young lawyer to better his financial condition.

'I was sure it would interest you,' answered Mary Wallace, rather significantly, as she resumed her story. 'A rich uncle of Ida's, as his wedding gift, offered to pay for the furnishings of the house, and she might have chosen elaborate furniture. But she talked it over with the doctor, and they both agreed that it would be wiser to buy plain, substantial articles that would look well, wear well, and be in keeping with their probable income.'

'I suppose they have cretonne curtains and all sorts of impossible dry good boxes trimmed with cheap muslin,' sneered Her Ladyship.

'Indeed, no,' laughed the story-teller. 'Nothing of that sort. In fact, there are very few hangings of any kind, for the doctor insists on free entrance for sunlight. Ida says he would not live in a house with small windows or on the shady side of the street, and as for 'dry goods boxes,' all their furniture is of hard wood, plain but substantial. There are plenty of books, for both of them had made a point of collecting copies of the favorite authors before marriage, and have added some every year since. There is no $100,000 picture, but several good engravings and photographs, and flowers everywhere. The doctor says a clean room, with books, flowers and sunshine, cannot help being attractive, however simple it may be furnished. As to fashionable and costly bric-a-brac, he declares he can see plenty of that in other people's houses, and he likes a little individuality in his own.

'However, what I really started to tell you about is their regular, every-day way of living. Ida says that, at first, she wished to postpone their marriage until the doctor's income was larger, but they talked it over and figured it out, and finally adopted what she laughingly calls their 'financial policy.' She says its two foundation stones are, 'Never get into debt,' 'Always put away the Lord's money first.' Every Saturday night one-tenth of every dollar received during the week goes into a strong box made for the purpose, and is never used except for church, charitable or missionary work.'

'Why, that would be two hundred dollars to give away every year,' interrupted Her Ladyship. 'They must be a pair of cranks. It is all well enough for poor people to give away one-tenth of what they get, and it would not amount to much, anyway; but two hundred dollars is ridiculous. Just think how dreadful it would be if I had to give away one-tenth of my large income!'

The look of horror on her face, and the absurdity of her argument were too much for the gravity of her listeners, although Her Ladyship actually kept awake a whole hour that night trying to decide why they all laughed at her characteristic speech.

'I asked Ida if they could afford it,' continued her friend, 'and she assured me that they never missed it at all, because it was never counted as their own, and they find it the greatest comfort to have a fund to draw upon for charitable purposes. The doctor is getting to be so popular now that their income is increasing, and they are planning to give a larger percentage than at first. They always call this the 'Lord's money,' and Ida says the very name has been a help to her when she has sometimes been tempted to embezzle a little of it for what seemed a desirable expenditure, and for which there was not quite enough ready money in the family purse. After this tenth is taken out, a certain per cent. of the remainder is put into the bank, and the rest goes for household expenses, and financially they are equal partners in the whole concern.'

'Then Ida does not have an allowance?' asked one of the ladies.

'No; she told me she tried that plan for a while, but liked this way better, as they both planned their expenditure together, and the doctor was so careful to consult her about his own personal share.'

'Who ever heard of a man who consulted his wife about his own personal expenditure?' exclaimed Marion Van Alstyne.

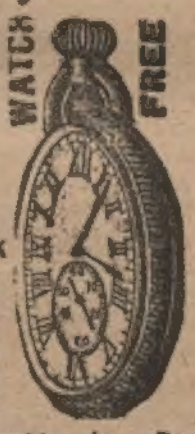
'The doctor evidently does just that,' was Mary Wallace's response; 'and, for my part, I do not know why a man is not under as

What Every Boy Wants

HAVE YOU A WATCH AND CHAIN?

If not let us give you one

Free for a little work



Sell 25 copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get a watch and chain at once. Other premiums—all good. The November issue now ready. Orders will be rushing in. Be among the first. First come, first served. Send no money, but drop us a postcard and we will forward supply of 'Pictorials,' also premium list and full instructions. Address:

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much obligation to consult his wife about his purchase as a wife is to interview her husband about her hairpins and Easter bonnet! She told me the question of hospitality caused her some anxious thought at first, but she had learned that the people whose friendship it was really worth while to cultivate disliked a grand crush as much as she did, and greatly preferred her quiet evenings with books, conversation, microscope or music. I do not recollect ever spending a week more pleasantly anywhere, or meeting so many really nice people. It is a genuine home, with no shams and no attempt to 'keep up appearances,' and they are the happiest persons that I know.'

'What a horrid life for poor Ida! She might as well be buried alive,' sighed Marion Van Alstyne, as she rose from her hammock to answer the summons to tea.

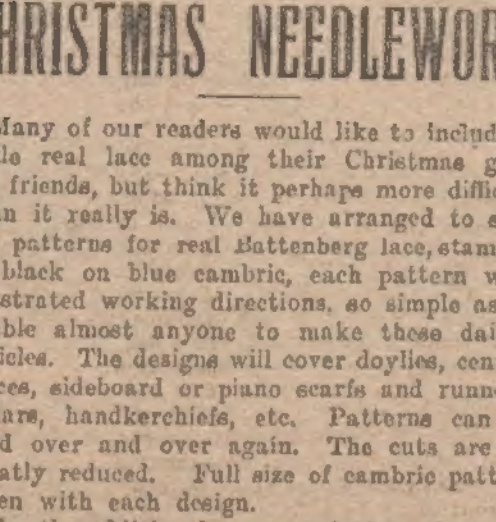
However, the lawyer's special friend was observed to be quietly writing Ida's address in her note book, doubtless with the laudable intention of seeking fuller information concerning topics especially interesting to a prospective partner in the legal profession. —'Congregationalist.'

CHRISTMAS NEEDLEWORK

Many of our readers would like to include a little real lace among their Christmas gifts for friends, but think it perhaps more difficult than it really is. We have arranged to supply patterns for real Battenberg lace, stamped in black on blue cambric, each pattern with illustrated working directions, so simple as to enable almost anyone to make these dainty articles. The designs will cover doylies, centrepieces, sideboard or piano scarfs and runners, collars, handkerchiefs, etc. Patterns can be used over and over again. The cuts are all greatly reduced. Full size of cambric pattern given with each design.

For the additional accommodation, of out-of-town readers particularly, we can supply the necessary material in best quality linen braid, thread, and crocheted rings. Prices vary for both patterns and materials according to size and quality. Read descriptions carefully, and send money in postal note, money order, or registered letter. Stamps (one and two cent) accepted for small sums. Always send illustration with order to avoid mistakes, and carefully state size when design is given in various sizes.

Readers will bear in mind that the materials we supply are not cotton, but the best imported linen throughout, so that if the cost is higher than the braids ordinarily sold, the quality fully makes up for it in beauty of appearance and in durability.



DESIGN NO. 43.—DOYLEY, CENTRE-PIECE, RUNNER.

The above design can be supplied in various sizes to meet various needs, of doyleys, runners or centrepieces. The smaller sizes are solid lace, the larger ones, of course, simply a small linen centre. A very effective design and with the directions supplied with each pattern, not at all difficult to work.

No. 1, Doyley, 6 inches. Price for cambric pattern, 8 cents; materials needed, 3 yards braid and thread.

No. 2, Doyley, 13 inches. Pattern, 15 cents; material, 16 yards braid, 13 rings, 1 thread.

No. 3, Centre, 21 inches. Pattern, 20 cents; material, 48 yards braid, 12 rings, 1 thread.

No. 4. Centre 24 inches. Pattern, 25 cents; material, 40 yards braid, 12 rings, 2 thread.

No. 5, Runner 17 by 60 inches. Pattern, 30 cents; material needed, 45 yards braid, 3 thread, 60 buttons.

As an additional accommodation for out-of-town customers, materials of the best quality imported linen braid, thread ,etc., can be supplied at following rates, postage included.

No. 1, material, 10 cents, or material for six, 50 cents. No. 2, material, 30 cents, or two sets for 55 cents. No. 3, material, 80 cents. No. 4 material, 70 cents. No. 5, material, 90 cents.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Selected Recipes.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE is perhaps more generally liked than any of the frosted varieties of cake, and the recipes for making it are given by a well-known authority. To make the layers for the cake the following ingredients are required: One-quarter of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and spread thinly on tins. Bake for thirty minutes. This cake is a simple one, but for those who prefer a richer kind the following recipe is given: One and a half cupfuls of butter, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and whites of two, one-half cup of milk, one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

APPLE CAKE is familiar to the New Englander, but is little known to housewives in other parts of the country. For the layers, make a good sponge cake by beating the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, then adding to the yolks three-quarters of a cupful each of sugar and of flour, and finally whipping in the beaten whites. For the filling for one ordinary-sized cake grate one large tart apple, after peeling. Add to it the white of one egg, one cupful of granulated sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Whip all together with an egg-beater until white and foamy, when spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

LEMON LAYER CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of pastry flour, six eggs, two cupfuls of white sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers in a quick oven, and when done spread between them the following filling: Boil two cupfuls of sugar and one small cupful of water together until it makes a sticky syrup, add the grated yellow rind and juice of two lemons, and four well-beaten eggs. Let all cook together in a custard boiler until thick. This is a delicious cake.

FIG PUDDING.—One cupful of molasses, one of chopped suet, one of milk, three and a quarter of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, one pint of figs. Mix together the

A Splendid New Serial.

A thrilling story, touching on one of the most stirring times the world has ever seen —the time of Thermopylae, Salamis and Plataea—will shortly start in both 'Daily' and 'Weekly Witness.'

The story is an entirely new one, and copyright has been procured by the publishers of the 'Witness' from the author, Wm. Stearns Davis, well-known already as the author of 'Belshazzar,' 'God Wills It,' 'A Friend of Caesar,' etc.

The 'Victor of Salamis,' is of absorbing interest from start to finish. A story of life and action throughout, of heroism amid dangers, of treachery, of bravery, of ambition and daring. Its characters are Greeks and Persians of the long ago, who, under the author's skilful pen become real human beings, whose career we follow with the keen interest of personal acquaintance. 'Messenger' subscribers who enjoy a good story (and who does not?) should secure the 'Witness' at once before the story starts. Clubbed with the 'Messenger,' the 'Weekly Witness' will cost only $1.20 per annum. The 'Weekly Witness' will be started at once, and the 'Messenger' extended one year from expiry of present subscription.

FLAGS FOR THE SCHOOLS.

AN ENERGETIC WORKER.

That teachers who have already led the efforts of their pupils in securing a flag should not only speak hearty words of commendation to others, but should come again for another flag is surely a good testimony to our flag offers, and also to the quality of the flags themselves.

The following note of thanks is brief, but it means a good deal when you know that the flag in question is not the second, but the third flag, that the same teacher has been the means of placing:—

Hudson, Oct. 25, 1907.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my thanks for prompt sending of the flag, which I received last evening. The children were delighted with it, as well as others. We have the promise of a pole.

Yours respectfully,

NELLIE E. HODGSON.

To be sure, pupils will work loyally, but results are more quickly obtained when the teacher sets the pace.

This week also brings an interesting inquiry from a subscriber whose grandson of nine wants to start the movement on behalf of a new school. And we believe he will succeed, too. Not a few schools in the country owe their flags to the zealous small boy.

Our Flag Department will be glad to correspond with any school that wants a flag and cannot well spare the funds for its purchase.

To clubs, societies or individuals this same offer is open. Our wish is to stimulate the use of the national emblem, and any one who chooses to accept our conditions may secure a fine flag. See advt. elsewhere in this issue, and let us send you necessary supplies.

A SPLENDID PRIZE.

OPEN TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAGE.

We are giving away every month large numbers of fine premiums, watches and chains, pens, knives, stamps and pads, etc., for sale of 'Canadian Pictorial' at ten cents an issue.

We also allow those who prefer it, to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' on cash commission. But we have a new

SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER

in addition to these.

To the boy (or girl) throughout Canada who sells the largest number of copies of November and December taken together, we will, in addition to all premiums or commissions earned, award a FINE BUNTING FLAG, 3 ft x 1½ ft., of the same design and excellent quality as the large four and six yard flags we have imported for the schools.

Now is the time to 'bend to the oar.' A brisk November trade gives you a good lift for this Flag Competition, and makes the best sort of foundation for December business. Even if you have never sold a 'Pictorial' before, you can begin right now, and have as good a chance as anyone.

Remember, we trust you with a package of November issue to start on, and send letter of instructions, premium list, etc. Then when you sell all the required number, and remit us in full for them, we send you the premium you have earned, and still count all these sales TOWARDS THE FLAG.

Flag award made Jan. 15. Lose no time in sending the order for your first dozen.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—Other Perseverance Prizes in view. GET BUSY.

We Love Pictures

because they give us, in such a pleasant way, so much valuable information of people, places and events.

And it is because we love pictures that we can make such a really good selection—crowding the pages of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' regardless of expense, with from 1,000 to 1,500 square inches of pictures.

You Love Pictures

for much the same reasons that we do. And that is why we so confidently count on your continued interest in the 'Canadian Pictorial' as to let you have the November and December issues (also October while it lasts) on trial for only 15 cents.

They Love Pictures

Of course they do! Just bring a copy of the 'Canadian Pictorial' and everybody crowds around you to see it. And just here lies the secret of its remarkable growth in circulation. The people who see it once, want it regularly.

Ten cents a copy—fifteen cents to the end of the year. The sooner you remit the more copies you get for the money. The Christmas number, which is included, is worth the whole amount

(See Coupon Below.)

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The more people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events—for they contribute delightfully at a glance to a still further education.

* * *

The less people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures because they tell them at a glance of interests of which they cannot or perhaps will not read. That is why they please and instruct the children.

* * *

Everybody likes pictures and no home should be without its picture paper. The cheapest and best is the "Canadian Pictorial." It is to Canada what the "London Illustrated News" and "Graphic" are to Britain. The "Canadian Pictorial" contains about a thousand inches of pictures and costs about a thousand dollars each issue.

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142 St. Peter St., Montreal

OR JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents,
"Witness" Building, Montreal.

The 'Canadian Pictorial'

FOR NOVEMBER.

The November issue closes the second volume of this popular national illustrated monthly. It contains the usual delightful selection of pictures—many of them fine full-page ones—making up in all about one thousand square inches of illustrations.

Among the more notable pictures are: 'An English thatched cottage' (prize picture), and a splendid selection from the recent photo competition; the new Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Wm. Pugsley; a fine portrait of Mrs. Pugsley; the seven Canadian premiers since Confederation; a page of snapshots of Alberta Indians; pictures of airships, ballooning and wireless telegraphy that are worth columns of descriptions; the Prince of Wales on the grouse moors; a spirited Algerian war picture; and a fine full-page portrait of Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman. Numerous other timely pictures, fashions, patterns, news of the month, hints on Christmas gift-making, and other interesting features go to make up a most entertaining number.

Next issue (the Christmas number) will probably contain about 1,500 square inches of fine etchings.

Annual subscription, $1.00; single copies, ten cents.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company of Montreal is doing a distinct service to Canada and Canadians in publishing the 'Canadian Pictorial.' The illustrations are high class and the printing is in keeping. There is a large field in Canada for such a magazine, and the standard set by the 'Canadian Pictorial' should spell success.—'The Hamilton Spectator.'

The handsome full page and other illustrations of the 'Canadian Pictorial' are a delight to all picture lovers, and a great credit to Canadian workmanship.—'Daily News,' Truro, N.S.

I am highly pleased with the 'Canadian Pictorial.'—Ed. of 'Standard,' Pembroke, Ont.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is $1.00 a year. 10 cents a copy. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

BIRTHDAY.

Just a year ago the 'Canadian Pictorial' made its bow to an admiring constituency. Thousands of people subscribed to the end of the last year—and practically all of them followed up their trial with an annual subscription, accompanying it in very many cases with subscriptions for their friends also.

The list of admirers continues to grow at such a rate as to involve presently the purchase of additional machinery—the present plant, though the best to be had, is already taxed to the utmost to get the publication out in the required time. This all shows the popularity of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' You would certainly have it in your home if you could see a copy. But as these copies cost too much to send around as samples it has been decided to offer November and December issues of this year for only 15 cents. The Christmas Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which is going to be extra fine, is included in the offer. We make this offer knowing that you will want to continue taking the publication regularly after the trial. Only 15 cents to the end of the year. John Dougall & Son, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

SPECIAL YEAR-END COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:

I have not been subscribing for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' but would like to take advantage of the Year-End Trial Offer, given above. I therefore enclose Fifteen Cents to pay for the November and the December (Christmas) issues, also for October, if any are still available.

Name.. .. ..

P. O.. .. ..

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190.....

N.B.—Good for Canada (Montreal and suburbs alone excepted), Newfoundland, the British Isles, and for such foreign dependencies of Great Britain as do not require extra postage.

New subscribers remitting a dollar bill for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be entitled to the remainder of this year free of charge.

molasses, suet, spice and the figs, cut fine. Dissolve the soda with a tablespoonful of hot water, and mix with the milk. Add to the other ingredients. Beat the eggs light and stir into the mixture. Add the flour, and beat thoroughly. Butter two small or one large brown-bread mold. Turn the mixture into the mold or molds, and steam five hours. Serve with cream sauce.

PEACH LAYER CAKE.—Whip to a cream two eggs and one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar; add a little grated nutmeg; pour in one cupful of milk; stir three cupfuls of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and then add it, a little at a time, to the other ingredients; stir the whole till it is a perfectly smooth batter, then butter well three good sized jelly cake tins; divide the batter, pouring one-third in each tin, and bake in rather a quick oven till the cake is a golden brown; turn each cake out on a thickly folded napkin or towel; have ready a dozen medium sized peaches, and sweetened palatably; put a layer of the cake, when cold, on a large plate, spread it well with a layer of the prepared peaches, and repeat this process till all are on; cover the top layer of the cake with the peaches, and stand in a cool place till ready to serve, then cover the top with whipped cream. This is a delicious dessert.

SPONGE CAKE.—Whip three eggs to a froth; add one and a half cups of sugar; beat the sugar and eggs together three minutes, then add a cup of flour and beat five minutes; now add another cup of the flour, one-half cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, also flavoring; beat still more, for this recipe depends on the thorough beating given. Bake in bar tins.

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.—One cup of wheat flour, one quart of entire wheat flour, one quarter of a cake of compressed yeast, one pint of water, or milk if preferred, one teaspoonful of shortening (either lard or butter), a half-teaspoonful of salt, molasses according to taste. Beat hard with a spoon, and let rise over night. In the morning mould, and let it rise again. This quantity will make two loaves.

INEXPENSIVE SPONGE CAKE.—Beat four eggs and two cups of sugar well together; then add two cups of flour and two teaspoons baking powder, sifted together; add a pinch of salt, then two-thirds of a teacup of boiling hot water, and lastly, the juice of one lemon. Bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

A NICE EGG SUPPER DISH.—Boil six or eight eggs hard; when cold, remove the shells, divide in halves, place in a vegetable dish, and cover them with a gravy made of a pint or less of milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, a little salt, and thicken with half a tablespoonful corn-starch. Let this scald well before pouring it over the eggs. Eat hot.

Potatoes as Food.

If a raw pared potato is put into water its potash salts ooze out of it. The 'jacket' is its only armor. But undoubtedly the healthiest manner of eating potatoes is baked. Matthieu Williams, another kitchen philosopher, declares that grated cheese mixed with baked potatoes forms a wonderfully good dish, digestive, and wholly praiseworthy from the chemical point of view. He says that as potatoes are largely composed of starch, which is a heat giver and fattener, and that cheese, which is very nitrogenous, supplies the elements in which the potato is deficient, the whole forms, theoretically a healthful food. As a table receipt, the potatoes can be taken out of the skins, mashed, and mixed with grated cheese, and a little milk added if desirable for taste. Served in this way, for sedentary people, the dish is much more digestive than oatmeal. And in speaking of this last article, I have my own idea, based on no special scientific examination, that for sedentary people who are troubled by catarrhal affection of whatsoever nature, such gelatinous foods as oatmeal are not desirable. However, oatmeal is more nutritive than potatoes. The latter contain seventeen per cent. of carbon; oatmeal contains seventy-three per cent. William Cobbett denounced the potato as a staple article of food. You would have to consume six pounds of potatoes to secure the nutritive value of one pound of oatmeal! To sustain life on potatoes you would have to become a mere assimilating machine the most of the time, and unfit for vigorous action, bodily or mentally, the rest of the time.—Deshler Welch, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER

NO. 5828.—A COMFORTABLE WRAPPER.

A comfortably fitting wrapper or house gown is an indispensable garment. The one here pictured is a favored design, owing to its extreme simplicity. A choice of full length or elbow sleeves is given, and the neck may be in square cut outline or finished by a high standing collar. Several materials are adaptable, such as cashmere, flannel, dimity, lawn and China silk. The medium size will require 6 3-4 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PATTERN COUPON.

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NO. 5861.—SMALL GIRLS' APRON.

New designs in aprons are constantly looked for by the mothers who make their children's clothes. Here is one that is very practical, yet can be made very dainty and attractive. The back shoulder edge is exteneded to form pointed tabs which are buttoned over on the front, and ties are attached to the under-arm seams that hold the fullness in place in the back, although they may be dispensed with if preferred. A pretty apron could be made after this design by using cross-barred muslin or dimity, but linen, gingham and percale are all suggested. For a girl of 7 years, 2 1-2 yards of 36 inch material will be required. Sizes for 3, 5, 7 and 9 years.

N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Daily Hints for the Table.

To make nice little cakes for an afternoon tea, beat to a cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add four eggs, first beating the yolks and whites together to a stiff froth. Next add a cupful of sour milk and a teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in a table spoonful of hot water. Flavor with a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, a saltspoonful of ground cloves. Stir in one cupful of flour, then add a cupful of currants, then stir in another cupful of flour. Have the oven moderately hot. Fill a small patty pan three-quarters full with the mixture, put it in the oven and let it bake, to see if the cake is mixed stiff enough. If it stands firm do not use any more flour. Bake the cake in little patty pans and cover the tops with a stiff icing. Put a raisin on top of each or a nut meat.

A FREE GIFT.

Subscribers (new or renewal), sending to this office forty cents for twelve month's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' will UPON REQUEST be sent, as a premium, a copy of the fine Christmas Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' containing about 1,500 square inches of exquisite illustrations. This offer is good up to November 30, and is open to all subscribers in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland and the British Isles.

THE CROWN HAIR DYEING COMB,
German patent; Colors the hair by simply combing, without staining the scalp; all shades; clean, harmless and lasts for years. Write for particulars.
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SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'